

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## LENOX.

Soft summer sounds salute the air,  
Cool country colors greet the eye;  
Around my wide piazza chair  
The hay-blown breezes lingering sigh.

The level lawn of gracious green,  
The odorous line of gay parterre.  
The clear cut paths that run between—  
Content the claims of cultured care.

Near by, the neat New England town,  
In latent strength of thrifty ease,  
Scatters its squares of red and brown  
Beneath the old familiar trees.

The white church gleaming on the hill  
Beside its patch of village graves,  
Lifts, like a light-house, calm and still,  
Above the dark green swell of waves.

Beyond the vale the landscape looms  
In mountain masses, crowned with firs,  
Save where the golden chestnut blooms,  
Or where the silver birch-tree stirs.

Low at their feet, in sweet surprise,  
Repeating every varied hue,  
The "mountain mirror" scoops the skies,  
And laughs in sunshine and in blue.

And over all sublimely broods  
The spirit, by Nature only taught;  
And all is peace, save where intrudes  
One dark, deep shade of human thought.

Embraced within her mountain arms,  
Few fairer scenes the eye have met:  
Would that the soul knew no alarms—  
Would that the gazer could forget!

Forget the far-off strike, that shakes  
His country's glory into shame;  
Forget the misery that makes  
A by-word of the nation's name!

Forget that she who, years ago,  
Brought Freedom forth, in throes and tears,  
Now lies in second labor low,  
Convulsed in agony and fears.

God grant swift safety to the land:  
God haste the peace-returning morn  
When our great Mother yet shall stand  
Triumphant with her second born!

Then, like this fair and favored place,  
Shall the Republic's grandeur be;

For she shall look from heights of grace,  
And undiminished glory see.

C. K. T.

—*New York Evening Post.*

## THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A DREARY place would be this earth  
Were there no little people in it;  
The song of life would lose its mirth,  
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,  
And make the admiring heart surrender;  
No little hands on breast and brow,  
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender;

No babe within our arms to leap,  
No little feet toward slumber tending;  
No little knee in prayer to bend,  
Our lips the sweet words lending.

What would the ladies do for work,  
Were there no pants nor jackets tearing?  
No tiny dresses to embroider?  
No cradle for their watchful caring?

No rosy boys at wintry morn,  
With satchel to the school-house hasting;  
No merry shouts as home they rush;  
No precious morsel for their tasting.

Tall, grave, grown people at the door,  
Tall, grave, grown people at the table;  
The men on business all intent,  
The dames lugubrious as they're able.

The sterner souls would get more stern,  
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,  
And man to stoic coldness turn,  
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach,  
Through Time's mysterious, dim unfolding,  
The little ones with cherub smile  
Are still our Father's face beholding.\*

So said His voice in whom we trust,  
When in Juda's realm a preacher,  
He made a child confront the proud,  
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,  
Were there no babies to begin it;  
A doleful place this world would be,  
Were there no little people in it.

\* There angels do always behold the face of my  
Father which is in heaven.—*Matt. xviii. 10.*

From The Westminster Review.

# MARRIAGES OF CONSANGUINITY.

1. *On Marriages of Consanguinity.* Dr. Be-  
miss. *Journal of Psychological Medi-*  
*cine* for April, 1857.
2. *Hygiène de Famille.* Dr. Devay. Second  
Edition.
3. *Comptes Rendus*, 1852-3, *passim*. Papers  
by MM. Boudin, Sanson, Beaudouin,  
Gourdon, etc.
4. *On Marriages of Consanguinity.* Dr. Child,  
in *Medico-Chir. Review*, April, 1862;  
and *Medical Times*, April 25th, 1863.
5. *On the Fertilization of Orchids.* Mr. Dar-  
win. London. 1862.

If we had to point out the tendency or habit of mind which, more than any other, has served, in modern times, to hinder the progress of real knowledge, we should fix upon that which impels not a few really able and competent persons, when undertaking an investigation, first of all to adopt a theory, and then to look at the facts which nature presents to them by its light exclusively. Such persons do not take up a hypothesis for its legitimate use, as a guide in experimentation, as any one pursuing an investigation in the science of light would in these days start upon the undulatory theory, but adopt it with a confidence in its absolute truth which renders them utterly blind to all facts which cannot be reconciled with it, and by consequence exaggerates out of all due proportion the importance of those which really make in its favor. Of the many inconveniences attendant upon the state of mind of which we speak, one of the gravest and quite the most paradoxical is to be found in the fact that its mischievous results always bear a direct ratio to the ability and industry of the person whom it affects. A man of real power who sets out upon a research into a complicated subject under such conditions as we have indicated, is sure to make out a good case in favor of his own preconceived view, and by so doing he will mislead others and hinder the advance of knowledge in a degree exactly proportioned to his own ability and reputation. Instances of the kind to which we refer will occur to any reader familiar with the history of almost any scientific question. But there is one feature in such cases which is especially worthy of remark; it is, that a man's preconceived notions upon any subject may take their rise from something quite distinct from, and external to, the subject itself; a religious

opinion, a moral theory, a social predilection, a fact in his own family or personal history—any or all of these may, consciously or unconsciously, so modify his view of what ought to be a mere question of fact, as to render him a totally unsafe guide in any subject-matter which he has undertaken to examine and explain. The history of the scientific question forming the subject of this article will be found to illustrate these remarks even better than most others.

That there has existed, at least in all modern times, what is called a "feeling" against the intermarriage of blood relations, is a fact that cannot be denied, but of which the scientific value cannot be rated very high. Before we admit the existence of such a feeling as even *prima facie* evidence, we should remember how often such have been found to rest either upon no ground at all, or upon an entirely mistaken one. The biting cold of the winter months in England used to be called proverbially "fine, seasonable, healthy weather," until the Registrar-General's statistics had proved to the apprehension almost of the dullest, that mortality in our climate rises *pari passu* with the fall of the thermometer. In this case, doubtless the popular delusion took its rise from the sense of exhilaration and buoyancy felt by healthy, strong, and youthful persons on a bright frosty day, as compared with the dullness and languor experienced on a damp and warm one; but it entirely left out of the account the less obvious but more really potent influence of cold upon the old, the feeble, and the ill-provided. In the case before us, the following has been suggested by Dr. Child as the not improbable history of the prevailing opinion\*:—

"It should be remembered that all such marriages as those under discussion, were and are strictly prohibited in the Church of Rome. This prohibition was first removed in England by the Marriage Act of 1540, in the reign of Henry VIII. It is natural, therefore, that many people at the time should have looked upon this removal of restrictions as a somewhat questionable concession to human weakness, and upon the marriages made in consequence of it, as merely not illegal, rather than in themselves unobjectionable; just as, should the Marriage Law Amendment Bill pass into law, their can be no doubt that many would now look upon marriage with a sister-in-law as a very questionable proceeding in a social

\* "Med. Chir. Review." Vol. xxix. p. 469.

and religious point of view, although they might possibly be unable to impugn its strict legality. Under such circumstances nothing is more natural, especially in an age when men were much more open to theological than physiological considerations, than that they should attribute any ill effect which might seem to follow from such unions to the special intervention of Providence. Such ill effects would be marked and noticed whenever they occurred, and would soon become proverbial; and when, in a later age, men began to pay more attention to the breeding of animals, and found that excessively close breeding seemed, in some cases, to produce similar results, they would be led to establish a false analogy between the two cases, and to infer the existence of a law of nature which close breeding and consanguineous marriages equally infringed.

"Something like this I conceive to be the true history of the common opinion upon this subject, an opinion, which, as far as I can discover, rests on no satisfactory record of observed facts."

We are induced to insist the more strongly upon this aspect of the question because the works even of modern and professedly scientific writers bear witness both to the universality of this popular prejudice, and to the probability of its theological or rather ecclesiastical origin. Thus Niebuhr\* speaks of the Ptolemies, whose history certainly affords the most striking instance on record of close breeding in the human race, as degenerate both in body and soul. He seems to forget that their dynasty continued for some three hundred years, and that the history of Cleopatra, the last sovereign, though not the last descendant of their line, is certainly not that of a person, in any intelligible sense of the words, degenerate both in body and mind. But the most remarkable instance is afforded by Dr. Devay, who, while writing especially on this subject in his work on Hygiene, which he professes to treat scientifically, occupies no small portion of the two chapters devoted to it with a long citation of fathers and doctors of the Church, from St. Augustine down to the contemporary Archbishop of Tours. Truly it might be considered a rare treat for orthodox Frenchmen in these skeptical days to find such authorities polled to settle a scientific question, were it not that a few recent events, such as the late

rejection of M. Littré by the Institute, threaten to make such triumphs commonplace.

We turn now from the consideration of the spirit in which inquiries into our present subject have been undertaken, and proceed to give a succinct account of the facts and arguments which have been brought forward on both sides of the question, that our reader may have an opportunity of seeing what real value belongs to them, and to which side the balance of the evidence inclines. This evidence is derived from two distinct sources, which differ in their subject-matter, in the method by which they can be investigated, and in the degree of certitude which attaches to them as far as they severally go, no less than in the conclusion to which they lead. These are, 1, experience derived from the study of mankind by means of recorded observation and statistics; and 2, that drawn from the study of the lower animals and even of plants, which admits of being brought to the test of strict experiment as well as of observation. The former of these methods has been pursued with much diligence by Dr. Bemiss, MM. Boudin, Devay, and others. We give a short summary of the results arrived at by these observers, in order that our readers may be able at a glance to comprehend the several points to which we shall have to direct their attention.

	DR. BEMISS.	DR. HOWE.	DR. DEVAY.
Marriage . . .	34 . . .	17 . . .	121
Fruitful . . .	27 . . .	Not stated . . .	99
Sterile . . .	7 . . .	Not stated . . .	22
Total Children	192 . . .	95 . . .	Not stated.

This gives in Dr. Bemiss's cases an average number of 5.6 children to each marriage; in Dr. Howe's 5.58 to each. The average number of births to each marriage in England was recently 4.5. Of the 192 children born, 58 died in early life, and 134 reached "maturity;" i.e., the number of early deaths was as 1 to 3.3. The average of deaths under 5 years old, as stated by Dr. West, is 1 to 3. It is thus clear that while the fertility of these marriages was much above the average, the infant mortality in their offspring was slightly below. In Dr. Devay's cases the total number of children is not given, and therefore no calculation on the point can be made.

In consequence of the different principles upon which these authors have arranged their statistics, it is impossible to exhibit

\* "Lectures on Ancient History." Vol. iii. p. 471.



them at length in a tabular form, or indeed to contrast them at all in detail; we must therefore content ourselves with stating that the relation of the principal forms of disease or defects mentioned by them varies as follows:—

DR. BEMISS.	DR. HOWE.
In 75 Cases of Disease.	In 58 Cases of Dis.
Scrophula and Consumption	38 or ·506 12 or ·207
Epilepsy and Spasmodic Dis.	12 or ·16 0 —
Deafness . . . . .	2 or ·026 1 or ·017
Idioty . . . . .	4 or ·053 44 or ·758
Deformity . . . . .	2 or ·026 0 —

From the loose form in which Dr. Devay's results are stated, we are able to contrast his statement with the above in one point only, namely, that of deformity, which appears in 27 out of 52 cases, or ·519 as against ·026 in one of the other cases, and 0 in the other.

M. Boudin's statistics are of a different character and on a much larger scale. He takes merely the one defect of deaf-mutism, and finds 1st, That while consanguineous marriages are 2 per cent. of all marriages in France, the number of deaf-mutes born of such marriages are, to all deaf-mutes,—

In Lyons . . . . .	25 per cent.
In Paris . . . . .	28 per cent.
In Bordeaux . . . . .	30 per cent.

He finds further: 2d, that the danger of deaf and dumb offspring increases with the nearness of kinship between the parents; 3d, That parents themselves deaf and dumb, do not, as a rule, produce deaf and dumb offspring, and that the defect is therefore not hereditary; 4th, That the number of deaf-mutes increases in proportion to the local difficulties to freedom of cross-marrying: thus it is in—

France . . . . .	6 in 10,000.
Corsica . . . . .	14 in 10,000.
Alps . . . . .	23 in 10,000.
Canton Berne . . . . .	28 in 10,000.

Before entering upon any examination of these particular statistics, it is necessary to say a few words upon the application of the statistical method to subjects of this kind. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the advantages which science, and especially biological science, has derived from the use of this method; but just in proportion to the benefit which accrues from the right use of any method, and to the consequent confidence which its application inspires, is the mischief which it can produce if misapplied, and the

obstruction which it is capable of throwing in the way of the progress of knowledge when used upon a subject-matter to which it is unsuited. It may be applied, with every prospect of a successful result, in cases with which human volition has nothing to do, as it has been so applied to elucidate facts in pathology, such as the probability of death from a particular disease at a particular time of life.

Often, too, when the will of man is an element in the calculation, but when that will can be shown to be swayed by conflicting motives, the comparative power of which it is impossible to gauge, a judicious application of the statistical method, if only the number of instances collected be sufficiently large, may enable us to arrive at a conclusion at least approximately true. But it does not follow from the full admission of all this, that the same method can be followed in cases such as that before us, and with a view to ascertain the causes as well as the circumstances of the phenomena to which it is applied. Thus, it may be true that we can arrive at the number of murders which will be committed in a population of a certain extent in a given time, but it does not follow that we can also tell what is the cause of all these murders, or that they all depend upon the same cause. Moreover, a murder is a fact which is usually discovered, quite independently of human testimony as to its mere occurrence; and if it is the interest of the perpetrator and his friends to conceal it, it is equally that of the friends of the victim to make it known. On the other hand, it is obvious that the value of statistics such as those the results of which we have just given depends upon the truth of a number of family histories. These are all matters of testimony, and the motives to falsification thereof lie all on the same side. There is, perhaps, as most lawyers and physicians are well aware, no point in which men are so morbidly sensitive and suspicious as one which touches a family secret, a family misfortune, or an hereditary disease. If a criminal could be convicted only upon the evidence of himself or his nearest relations, what would be the value of the statistics of crime?

These would form grave objections to any argument from statistics in a case such as that before us, and would justify us in questioning a conclusion founded exclusively upon them, even if the statistics themselves were

irreproachable. Whether they are so or not in the present instance, we shall proceed next to inquire. In so doing we must beg our readers to bear in mind the purpose for which the statistics are brought forward. Their authors are all agreed that close breeding whether in man or beast, tends of necessity to produce "degeneracy" in some form or another: and this by some unexplained and apparently inexplicable law, quite apart from and independent of those ordinary laws of inheritance, by the experience of whose action we are made aware that the diseases and peculiarities of the parent descend to his offspring, and this the more certainly if both the parents are similarly affected; and they present their several sets of statistics with the object of substantiating this view.

It is impossible not to be struck with the vague use of terms by all writers who support this side of the question. They never seem able to escape as it were from the tyranny of their own phraseology, and appear to suppose that when they have introduced a long Latin word, with a perfectly indefinite meaning, they have gone a long way towards explaining a complicated series of facts. What is really meant by "deterioration" or "degeneracy"? Every variation from an original type, not to mention every disease, might, we suppose, be spoken of as degeneracy. Thus adopting the hypothesis of the unity of the human race, if the first man was white, the black races would be degenerate, and *vice versâ*; and if he was intermediate in color, like the Arab or the Brahmin, then would black and white both equally be degenerate. No one ever doubted the potent influence of close breeding in developing and perpetuating an accidental variety—it is indeed the one only means by which this can be done; and similarly, no one doubts that, given a degeneracy of any kind—a disease or a morbid tendency, already existing, close breeding will tend to develop and perpetuate it in exact proportion to the degree in which it is close. These are merely instances of the operation of the ordinary and well-known laws of inheritance, simple deductions from the time-honored generalization expressed in homely phrase "like breeds like;" and they are intelligible just in the same degree as are any other phenomena of nature which are referred to a general expression, which is for the existing state of science an ultimate fact.

Breeders know well enough that the produce of two thoroughbred shorthorns, with whose pedigree they are well acquainted, will neither be a half-bred Alderney calf nor any other mongrel. But such facts as these are far too simple and well established to satisfy those writers who wish us to believe that if only the progenitors in this example be brother and sister, the produce might vary in the remarkable manner suggested. In the case before us, moreover, the most various and apparently unconnected forms of degeneracy are all attributed to the same cause. Exactly as a Scotch peasant puts every phenomenon of nature for which he is unable to render a reason, to the account of Sir William Wallace or the devil, so do these writers attribute every conceivable imperfection existing in the offspring of parents related in blood to the fact of consanguinity alone. Each observer, it is true, puts some one defect prominently forward, but in each case it is a different one.

The qualities of offspring at birth may be said to be the resultant of the reaction of the sum of those of the two parents upon one another, together with the modifications superinduced upon them by external circumstances. Now, as the antecedents upon which the condition of any offspring depends are thus extremely complicated, it is clear that nothing less than a very large and very unequivocal experience can justify us in asserting that, in a particular case, this, that, or the other phenomenon in the offspring is the result of this, that, or the other individual antecedent in the parents. Such experience in many instances we do possess. Hereditary gout and hereditary insanity are as clearly traceable through many generations in the families in which they are inherent as is the succession to the family estate, and very often much more so. They do not pass upon every member of such families for many reasons, some of which we know, or are apt to think we know—such as emigration, change of external circumstances, habits of life, or even social position, and still more, the influence of successive intermarriages; but all this notwithstanding, the fact remains, that such defects or peculiarities, once acquired, are, as a rule, transmitted to the offspring; and if the writers of whom we are speaking had contented themselves with showing that the marriages of blood relations

are more likely, *ceteris paribus*, to produce unhealthy offspring than others where an hereditary taint exists, they would have made an assertion which, though neither very novel nor very interesting, could not well have been disputed. But what they really have asserted is something far different from this. It is substantially, that if two persons marry, being related in blood, even at so distant a degree as that of second cousins, their offspring will, as a rule, be degenerate, or will themselves produce degenerate descendants. The following remarks by another writer are quoted by Dr. Devay, and adopted by him as accurately representing his own view. (Devay, 2d ed., p. 246.)

“Ce qu'on reproche aux mariages consanguins ce n'est pas, dit le docteur Dechambre, de perpétuer dans les familles, par le moyen des alliances, les maladies susceptibles de transmission héréditaire, en certaines formes de tempérament, en certaines prédispositions organiques, comme l'étroitesse de la poitrine, ou quelque autre vice de conformation. Il est manifeste que le condition de la consanguinité en soi n'ajoute rien aux chances d'hérédité morbide, lesquelles dépendant de la santé des conjoints et de celle de leurs ascendants réciproques, ont la même source dans toute espèce de mariage. On accuse les alliances entre parents de même souche d'amener de créer par le seul fait de non renouvellement de sang, une cause spécial de dégénération organique, fatale à la propagation de l'espèce.”

The questions, then, which we have to examine are as follows: 1. Is such a view as the above borne out by the facts which these writers have adduced in support of it? 2. Cannot these facts be equally well explained by the action of the ordinary laws of inheritance? and 3. Are there not other facts left out of view by these writers, which are not only left unexplained by their doctrine, but are quite irreconcilable with it? 1. The first reflection which occurs to a reader on looking at the statistics we have quoted, is, as we noticed above, the extreme diversity of the effects which are in them assigned to one and the same cause, and that, too, in cases in which the antecedents and consequents are many in number, and consist of various elements, some known and more unknown, complicated and involved among themselves in every variety of combination. The old school definition of an efficient cause, “*præsens effectum facit, mutatum mutat, sublatum tollit*,”

is doubtless far too narrow to be rigidly applied in investigations into the phenomena of nature; yet we cannot but look suspiciously at an alleged cause which fails to conform to the definition in every single particular. In the case before us we all know perfectly well that the five principal consequences here alleged to follow upon consanguineous marriages—viz., sterility, mutism, idiocy, deformity, and scrofula—all occur in children when no such marriage has been contracted by the parents, and are all absent far more often than present when it has. The attempt to account for them all by the same cause reminds us of nothing so much as the similar attempt to explain all geological phenomena as the effects of the Noachian deluge, and can only lead to physiological absurdities, as that unlucky hypothesis did to geological. Moreover, in all but one of these cases we know of other well-established causes upon which the unhappy results are often found to depend, and unless it can be shown that these are excluded in the instance before us, we are not at liberty to introduce a new cause of which nothing is certainly known. This brings us (2) in the second place to the consideration of how far the facts adduced can be explained by the known laws of inheritance. There is a phenomenon well known to breeders of animals, and frequently observed also among mankind, which has been recognized by physiologists under the name of atavism. By atavism is meant a tendency, the laws of whose action are at present quite unknown to us, on the part of offspring, to revert to some more or less ancestral type. Instances are not far to seek, and are familiar to many even who have not gone further than to remark the phenomenon itself. It is no uncommon thing to find a child born who grows up with but little resemblance to his immediate parents, but bearing a strong and remarkable likeness to some grandfather, or great-uncle, or other even more distant ancestor. This is a fact of common experience, nor is the likeness confined to figure or features, for similarities of disposition and temper, peculiarities both of mind and body, and even diseases, are found to descend in the same irregular and apparently unaccountable manner. Gout, one of the most hereditary maladies, has even been supposed habitually to miss each alternate generation, and fall upon the next beyond. These things,

we repeat, are known to happen among mankind, but from the length of human life, as compared with that of the domestic animals, it is among the latter that we find, as we might expect, that they have been most frequently observed, and in fact, the tendency to atavism is, we believe, habitually recognized and allowed for by the breeders of cattle. But though the fact is undoubted, no man can point out beforehand the individual case in which this reversion to the old type, this relapse, as we may call it, will take place, and many a time, doubtless, has its sudden occurrence frustrated the hopes of the breeder and wasted his labor and care. Now, if the known fact of atavism is fairly considered, it at once affords an answer to the objection of M. Boudin and Dr. Devay, that the various defects and diseases, the statistics of which they have collected, cannot be traced to the parents of those subject to them, and cannot therefore be looked upon as hereditary. The commonest acquaintance with the ordinary conditions of human life will enable any one to see that it is impossible for a medical man to investigate the family histories of any fifty of his patients, so far as to arrive at a clear notion of what has been the condition of health of even the four grandparents whom nature apportions to us all; and yet, without this, how can he pronounce with any certainty that a particular disease or infirmity is not inherited? It may be urged, no doubt with some force, that to bring into the discussion a phenomenon of which we know so little as we do of atavism is to appeal not to our knowledge, but to our ignorance; but the same is true, and true in a far higher degree, of consanguinity itself.

So far as we have gone at present, it may be said that the two sides of the argument are on the whole pretty evenly balanced. The statistics of MM. Bemiss, Home, and Devay may be left to answer one another, and even if they be considered to fail in doing so, the number of instances collected by these gentlemen is insufficient to afford more than the feeblest presumption in favor of their conclusion. But when M. Boudin comes forward, counting his instances by thousands, and tells us that in France the number of deaf-mutes who are descendants of consanguineous marriages is from ten to fifteen times what it ought to be when compared with the proportion which such unions bear

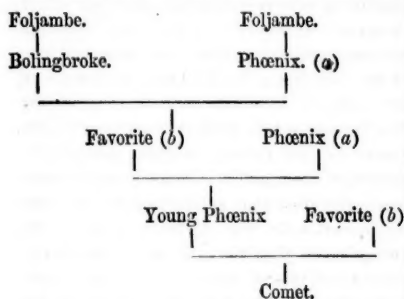
to the whole number of marriages, we feel that we are on different ground. Such announcements cannot fail to produce in most men's minds a strong apprehension, at the very least, that the two phenomena which he is laboring to connect have, after all, some close mutual interdependence. On the other hand, when we fairly consider the difficulties, some of which we have just seen, which lie in the way of demonstrating that the defect is not in many cases inherited, the extremely complicated character of the phenomena with which we have to deal, and, above all, the fact that on M. Boudin's own showing, the alleged cause is absent in an absolute majority of the cases in which the effect is seen to follow, we are once again compelled to suspend our judgment, and to look further for new facts before we can arrive at a conclusion.

So far, then, we might conclude that the imperfect condition of our knowledge of the phenomena of inheritance, including in that term variation and atavism, precludes our coming to any decision upon the subject, but that the general consent of mankind, together with the positive evidence which has been given, is sufficient at any rate to arouse in our minds some misgivings lest the "law of nature" which Dr. Devay and others contend for, should really be found to exist: but before we can fairly yield, even to this extent, to the arguments of these authors, we must provide an answer to the third query, viz., (3) Whether there are not some facts which are quite irreconcilable with the theory in question? Now, in the case of the human race, the difficulty of obtaining trustworthy evidence is so great, that we should despair of ever attaining even to an approximation to the truth, did we depend on it alone. It consists almost exclusively of the published opinions of certain observers, more or less competent, as to the hygienic condition of certain small communities who from their isolated position are either supposed or known to intermarry frequently among themselves; and their opinions are found to be as contradictory in character as they are scanty in number. Fortunately, however, the evidence derived from the breeding of animals, and the record of that evidence preserved in the "Herd-book" and the "Stud-book," is clear and decisive upon this point. Mr. J. H. Walsh, well known, under the *nom-de-*



plume of Stonehenge, as an authority upon sporting matters, says distinctly in his recent work, that nearly all our thorough-bred horses are bred in and in. M. Beaudouin also, in a memoir to be found in the *Comptes Rendus* of Aug. 5, 1862, gives some very interesting particulars of a flock of Merino sheep bred in and in, for a period of two-and-twenty years, without a single cross, and with perfectly successful results, there being no sign of decreased fertility, and the breed having in other respects improved.

Dr. Child, in the first of his two papers on this subject, gives the pedigree of the celebrated bull "Comet," and of some other animals bred with a degree of closeness such as no one who has not studied the subject would believe possible, and any approach to which in the human race would be quite impossible. In one of these cases the same animal appears as the sire in four successive generations. The pedigree of "Comet" is so striking that we are induced to insert it.



Now, bearing in mind the argument of MM. Boudin, Devay, etc., that it is nothing but the mere nearness of blood relationship, and not any ordinary inheritance of parental defects, which produces the ill-effects which they trace to consanguinity, such examples as these ought surely to have great weight. On the other hand, it is clear that even if it were established that such breeding as that from which "Comet" was descended had invariably led to degeneracy and disease, we should not be thereby warranted in arguing from it that an occasional marriage of cousins among mankind had even the slightest tendency to produce similar results. But, on the other hand, we may certainly allege with some fairness, that if at the end of such a pedigree there is produced a remarkably fine specimen of the species to which it be-

longs, mere close breeding, independently of the qualities of the animals bred from, can have no ill tendency at all. At once so obvious and so forcible has this argument been felt to be, that the supporters of the opposite view have been at considerable pains to evade or destroy it. Four principal objections have been laid against either the admissibility or the value of the evidence derived from the lower animals. (1.) It has been said that prize-animals are not in fact perfect animals, but monsters, i.e., deviations from, or modifications of, the natural type of the species, induced by man with the object of fitting them for special purposes of his own. (2.) That pigs and other animals have been known to die out altogether after being bred in and in for several generations. (3.) That the evidence is valueless as applied to mankind, inasmuch as when animals are closely bred with success, the progenitors in such cases are carefully selected from among the stoutest and most healthy that the breeder can obtain. (4.) The last objection applies especially, or indeed, exclusively, to M. Boudin's attempt to prove the prevalence of deaf-mutism in the offspring of consanguineous marriages; it is that the defect is one from which man, "the talking animal," alone can suffer, and one therefore expressly designed by Providence to punish man for a breach of nature's law. The special ingenuity of this objection lies in the attempt which it makes to draw a broad distinction between man and the lower animals, and thus to discredit the evidence derived from the latter in its application to the former. Dr. Child meets it in his second paper with the remark "that deaf-dumbness means, as a rule, congenital deafness, and such a defect is almost as serious where it exists in the lower animals as in man."

As the settlement of this question of the applicability to man of the evidence derived from the lower animals, seems to be of great importance to the thorough understanding of the whole subject before us, we will examine the above objections somewhat in detail.

(1.) The statement that prize animals are unnatural, and therefore not perfect animals, nor fair types of their several races, contains undeniably a certain amount of truth. Those mere quivering masses of fat which appear from time to time in Baker Street, under the title of prize-pigs, are doubtless no nearer an approach to the perfection of pig-nature than



was the celebrated Daniel Lambert to the noblest standard of corporeal humanity; but it is nowise proved that they are in any intelligible sense degenerate. They are not only carefully bred, but also artificially fattened for a special purpose; and there is no more reason to doubt that they would have been quite different animals had they been differently treated, than there is that the same man who is hard and active as a Newmarket jockey, might become corpulent, puffy, and dyspeptic, if he entered on "the public line" and spent his time dozing in his bar over rum-and-water and a pipe. This objection is therefore not proven even when most strongly put, and when a fairer instance is taken will be found to break down utterly. Such an instance is to be found in the English thorough-bred horse. Writers upon sporting matters are pretty generally agreed that no horse either bears fatigue so well or recovers from its effects so soon as the thorough-bred, and it is a subject upon which such writers are the best of all authorities. Thus "Nimrod" concludes a comparison between the thorough-bred and the half-bred hunter in the following words: "As for his powers of endurance under equal sufferings, they doubtless would exceed those of the 'cocktail,' and being by his nature what is termed a better doer in the stable, he is sooner at his work again than the other. *Indeed, there is scarcely a limit to the work of full-bred hunters of good form and constitution and temper;*" and yet these, as we have seen, are almost all close-bred.

(2.) With regard to the allegation that some animals have been known to die out after being closely interbred through a long series of generations, while we do not dispute the fact that such may have been the case, we are not aware of any instance of which the particulars have been noted in a satisfactory or really scientific form. We know neither after how many generations this result was produced, what was the degree of close breeding, nor what were the other conditions under which the animals were placed. All these particulars it is necessary to know before we admit the efficiency of mere close breeding as a cause of degeneracy, in the face of the evidence above adduced. The last, viz., the conditions under which the creatures were placed, is a matter of the greatest importance, inasmuch as if once any particular disease or

defect be induced upon a stock, there is no doubt that it can be transmitted and intensified to an indefinite degree by close breeding. Just as a careful breeder can take advantage of any accidental variety produced in his stock, and perpetuate it, if it be desirable to do so, so, by careless close breeding, may a disease be perpetuated, however undesirable or mischievous it be.

(3.) That the selection which is always practised in the close breeding of animals should ever have been brought forward at all, as against the applicability of evidence thence derived to the case of the human race, is a fact both curious and significant. It is so inasmuch as it shows at once how completely the few persons who have been at the pains to consider this subject at all have looked upon it not as a question of scientific physiology, but merely from a practical point of view. The question which really has to be decided is not whether under any particular circumstances close breeding is desirable or not, but whether any evil effect, or specific effects of any kind, are traceable to close breeding in itself and independently of the condition, health, and perfection of the animals in whose case it is practised. We have seen this distinctly affirmed by Dr. Devay in the passage already quoted; if, therefore, we take his statement as it stands, it is quite clear that selection does not affect the question in the slightest degree. Dr. Devay states that the evils which he charges upon marriages of consanguinity are simply and solely due to the *non-renewal* of the blood, as he terms it, independently of any previous taint in the progenitors, which, he even ventures to assert, where it exists adds nothing to the chances of degeneration in the offspring. Now the non-renewal of the blood is manifestly just as complete, if the degree of close breeding be the same, when the most careful selection has been exercised, as where none has, and if, as in some of the instances which we have cited (the bull "Comet," for example), close breeding, with selection, has been carried to an extent inconceivably greater than is possible in the human race, with no ill-consequences whatever, this constitutes a simple demonstration that mere non-renewal of the blood does not necessarily cause degeneracy, and that Dr. Devay's theory is therefore utterly untenable. In point of fact, what we may really learn by

studying the effect of selection is that no law of nature, whatever, is infringed by close breeding, to whatever extent it be carried, but that precisely the same laws of inheritance obtain in it as in other cases.

The distinction which is now drawn between the study of this subject as a question of scientific physiology, and as a matter affecting practical life, is one of some importance. The consideration of it from the latter point of view might, if a sufficient number of trustworthy facts could be collected, be of some value, at least as a guide to indicate the direction in which investigation of a more scientific character could be carried on with the best prospect of success. Thus, the fact which M. Boudin has brought forward might profitably induce any one who should have the means of doing it, to investigate what are really the causes of congenital deafness. It is impossible to believe that mere non-renewal of blood is the cause, since the phenomenon is met with where the supposed cause is absent, and is itself absent in the great majority of cases in which it is in operation. The next step, therefore, should be to endeavor to learn what are all the antecedents in a mass of cases of deaf-mutism, with the view of discovering any one which is common to them all. When this is carefully done, it may not improbably be found that some other and quite dissimilar phenomenon has existed in the progenitors, having a tendency to bring about deafness in their offspring, and that this tendency has been developed with additional force by the marriage with the same family, exactly as is the case with other taints of disease. In order to illustrate our meaning, let us take, for example, one of those cases of correlation of growth brought forward by Mr. Darwin. He finds that all cats having blue eyes are deaf. Now, it has been found, and cases in proof of it have been published, that this is not absolutely true, though approximately so. It is evident that there is some casual connection between these two phenomena, though which it may be is entirely unknown. Let us suppose, then, that previously to the announcement of this fact by Mr. Darwin, any one holding Dr. Devay's views on consanguinity had been making observations upon it on certain cats. He chances to have two cats with blue eyes, but not deaf, brother and sister we will suppose: upon these two breeding

together the progeny produced are deaf. The observer in this case would almost certainly conclude that the deafness was a result of the consanguinity of the parents, whereas, had he known more of the antecedents of the case, he would have seen that the blue eyes of the parents indicated a strong tendency to deafness, and that this being the case in both, deafness had actually resulted in the offspring by the action of the ordinary laws of inheritance. Or, to give another example, which will be unhappily more familiar to many of our readers, and which deals more with actual and less with hypothetical facts than the above, let us take the case of hydrocephalus, or water on the brain, as it occurs in infants. This disease is now well known to be in one of its two forms a manifestation of the same constitutional disorder which produces consumption and other forms of scrofula; but this knowledge is a comparatively recent acquisition of pathological science. Had Dr. Devay then been conducting researches into the question of consanguinity, he might doubtless have discovered in certain regions where consumption was very prevalent, that the children of cousins were unusually subject to hydrocephalus, and not knowing of any connection between two diseases superficially so different, would doubtless have announced that this was a special provision of Providence to restrain mankind from consanguineous marriages, with as much confidence as he has now declared the same of deaf-dumbness, deformity, etc.

It is only by some really scientific investigation of the facts, some investigation, that is, which shall reduce them under the operation of a recognized, or at least recognizable law, that we can hope to obtain even such a knowledge of this subject as shall serve for a guide in practical life; and mere empirical generalization such as those of Dr. Devay and M. Boudin, are of little or no value even for this purpose, so long at least as the exceptional cases continue far more numerous than those which can be brought under the law. Such generalizations act more often than not as mere hindrances to the progress of science, or help it on only in so far as they provoke discussion, and thus, in the very process of being themselves overthrown, contribute to increase or correct our knowledge of the facts upon which they profess to be founded.

We have now then arrived at the end of an-

other stage of our inquiry, and must consider that the question which was left in doubt by the near balance of the evidence obtained from the study of mankind, is settled decisively against the theory which attributes ill effects to the mere non-renewal of the blood by the much more extensive and less equivocal evidence which we derive from experiment upon the lower animals. And in this position we might have been content to leave the subject, had not Mr. Darwin recently entered arena as a champion in the same cause as Dr. Devay. The whole of Mr. Darwin's most interesting and valuable volume upon the "Fertilization of Orchids" was written, as he tells us at the outset, in order to substantiate the assertion that "it is apparently a universal law of nature that organic beings require an occasional cross with another individual." This supposed law of nature is very ingeniously used in Mr. Darwin's previous work to serve as a support to the theory there advanced as to the origin of species, and at the end of the volume from which we quote, the author sums up his views upon the point in the following words, which will no doubt be fresh in the memory of many of our readers:—

"Considering how precious the pollen of orchids evidently is, and what care has been bestowed on its organization, and on the accessory parts; considering that the anther always stands close behind or above the stigma, self-fertilization, would have been an incomparably safer process, than the transport of the pollen from flower to flower. It is an astonishing fact that self-fertilization should not have been an habitual occurrence. It apparently demonstrates to us, that there must be something injurious in the process. Nature thus tells us, in the most emphatic manner, that she abhors perpetual self-fertilization. This conclusion seems to be of high importance, and perhaps justifies the lengthy details given in this volume. For may we not further infer as probable, in accordance with the belief of the vast majority of the breeders of our domestic productions, that marriage between near relations is likewise in some way injurious—that some unknown great good is derived from the union of individuals which have been kept distinct for many generations?"—pp. 259, 60.

It is not our present purpose to enter into any general discussion of the theory popularly known as Darwinism, nor do we for one moment wish to withhold from its author his well-deserved tribute of praise and admiration for

the marvellous diligence with which he has observed and recorded the phenomena of nature, the clearness of his descriptions, and above all, the admirable candor with which he has admitted the full force and cogency of some of the objections, which lie against his views. We confine ourselves at present to the very much narrower consideration of how far the inferences which he has drawn, in the very small portion of his subject which affects the question before us, are really borne out by the facts which he has adduced in their support, and whether there are not other facts of a precisely similar character which cannot be reconciled with them.

Mr. Darwin's argument, stated in a succinct form, appears to be as follows. If we examine the class of orchids, we find that the stigma and the pollinia, in most cases, exist in the same flower, and are in very close juxtaposition. We find also various indications that the pollen of orchids is precious, that is to say, it exists in small quantities, and various precautions, as we may call them, are taken by nature to prevent its waste. These facts, taken together, would naturally lead us to suppose that orchids would be self-fertilizing, but we find, on the contrary, that in by far the greater number of species the most curious and elaborate contrivances exist, whereby the fertilization of one flower by the pollen of another almost invariably occurs, through the medium of insects, and that if the visits of insects are artificially prevented, no fertilization takes place. We may hence conclude that some evil must result to the species from the perpetual recurrence of self-fertilization, and may extend our inference so far as to suppose that close breeding of any kind, even in so diluted a form as that practised among civilized mankind by the marriage of cousins, is in some unknown way injurious, and, in fact, that within certain limits, the more remote is the connection between two individuals who are to breed together, the better will it be for their offspring.

It is certainly curious that this should be the doctrine of one whose main theory leads directly to the conclusion that all organic beings are the lineal descendants of some one primeval monad. We do not mean for a moment to say that more than a mere apparent and superficial contradiction is here suggested, for intercrossing is merely one among

many of the forces to which Mr. Darwin refers the gradual evolution of new forms of life, and it is one which we may easily suppose to have come into action at a period comparatively recent. But when we come to look into the argument more closely, the first tincture of distrust is imparted to our minds by the fact that, after all, it is but an argument from "final causes."

Now, final causes have been looked upon with some suspicion ever since the time of Bacon; and it has certainly not been by the investigation of them that the chief discoveries of modern days have been made. In point of fact, in making use of an argument of this kind a man leaves everything like firm ground behind him, and sails out upon an ocean of uncertainties in which he has neither chart nor compass by which to steer. When he argues that such a phenomenon must exist for such a purpose, because there is no other purpose for which it can exist, it is obvious that his real meaning is,—because I don't know of any other purpose which it can subserve. But since the facts of nature which we understand, bear no very large proportion to those of which we are ignorant, these two propositions do not seem to bear any very necessary relation to each other. And after all, what has Mr. Darwin really proved? He has shown us that in the greater number of species of one class of plants certain arrangements which, on a superficial view, would seem intended to bring about constant self-fertilization, are found, when more closely looked into, to conduce to exactly the contrary result; but it remains upon his own showing that there are, at least in one species, the bee-ophrys, equally elaborate contrivances for production of self-fertilization, as exist in the others for the prevention of it. If there were anything necessarily pernicious in the process itself, how is it that this exceptional case does not become extinct in time, instead of being, as Mr. Darwin admits that it is, the most prolific of our native orchids? We may admit what he also shows, viz., that *occasional* intercrosses are also brought about even in this case; but if we take the fact of the rarity of this event, together with that of the prolific character of the plant, it will be hard to arrive at a conclusion therefrom which will satisfy the requirements of Mr. Darwin's theory.

If we find that in the bee-ophrys, for in-

stance, self-fertilization takes place fifty times while a cross occurs once, we are quite as well justified, to say the least, in arguing that it is a beneficial process because it is the rule, as that it is a pernicious one because it is a rule which admits of some few exceptions. Now, in point of fact, if we take the whole vegetable kingdom, instead of the one order of orchids, we shall find that the latter are almost as exceptional in their mode of fertilization, as compared with other plants, as is the bee-ophrys when compared with other orchids. In some cases, as that of the barberry, contrivances very much similar to those described in the orchids exist for the very purpose of convenient self-fertilization; but such instances Mr. Darwin meets by the statement, that if several varieties of barberry are growing together, it is found that intermediate forms do in fact spring up, thus proving that mutual fertilization frequently occurs. Here, again, the same objection seems to lie, namely, that his inference is drawn not from the rule but from the exception. In the instance both of the bee-ophrys and of the barberry, self-fertilization is the ordinary mode of propagation, and it is therefore difficult to believe that in the vast series of past generations from which every existing plant has sprung, there have been any appreciable proportion of crosses. We are not here concerned to discuss the bearing of this matter upon Mr. Darwin's main argument, viz., the origin of species. It is, perhaps, possible that the supposition of a cross taking place once in fifty, or once in two hundred times, might satisfy the requirements of his theory. All which we have to do is to examine its bearing upon the questions which he has connected with it in the passage we have cited, and this certainly seems sufficiently remote. It is surely somewhat unsatisfactory reasoning to say, "It appears necessary in all cases that there should be an occasional interruption to the perpetual series of self-fertilization, in all organic beings, *therefore* we may believe that a similar occasional intercross is necessary where breeding takes place between two individuals of very near blood relationship, hence we may further infer that such intercrosses should be the rule; and finally, that even an occasional instance of interbreeding between two individuals very slightly related in blood is likely to be productive of serious



degeneration in the offspring." Yet this is really but a paraphrase of Mr. Darwin's reasoning in the above passage of his work. The difference of degree between the cases is so great as to destroy all analogy between them, and render the reasoning which might be sound in the one case totally inapplicable to the other. So great is it, that if, from the mere non-renewal of the blood, any appreciable degeneration took place in the offspring of a marriage of cousins, our finest breeds of sheep and cattle and horses would have long since become the most miserably degenerate beings on the face of the earth, if indeed any of them still remained upon it.

In conclusion, we will inquire shortly into the evidence which has been afforded by certain experiments recently made upon the growth of wheat, having for their object its improvement for agricultural purposes, and made, therefore, without any previous bias in favor either of close breeding or of crossing.

In pacing through the Great Exhibition of last summer, many of our readers may have

noticed among the agricultural products in the Eastern Annexe some magnificent ears of corn, bearing the somewhat novel title of "pedigree wheat," which excited the admiration of all those interested in such matters—except, indeed, the jurors, who left them unnoticed. This wheat was exhibited by Mr. Hallet, of Brighton, who has given its history in the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal, vol. xxii. Part 2. It appears that this gentleman having conceived the notion that careful breeding might produce some of the same advantages in cereals which it has been found to do in cattle and horses, commenced some years ago a series of experiments with the view of carrying out his idea. Having selected one ear of wheat of remarkably fine quality, he sowed the grains separately, at a distance of twelve inches apart. The next year he further selected the one finest ear produced from the former, and treated that in a similar way. The following table gives the result at the end of the fifth year from the original sowing:—

Year.		Length.	Containing,	Number of ears on Stool.
		Inches.	Grains.	
1857	Original ear . . . . .	4 3-8	45	...
1858	Finest ear . . . . .	6 1-4	79	10
1859	Ditto . . . . .	7 3-4	91	22
1860	Ears imperfect from wet season	...	...	39
1861	Finest ear . . . . .	8 3-4	123	52

"Thus," says Mr. Hallett, "by means of repeated selection alone, the length of the ears has been doubled, their contents nearly trebled, and the tillering power of the seed increased five-fold." By "tillering," we should perhaps mention, is meant the horizontal growth of the wheat-plant, which takes place before the vertical stems are thrown up, and upon the extent of which, therefore, depends in a great degree the number of ears which the single plant produces. Now, there can be no doubt that a great deal of the marvellous improvement shown in the above table is due to the treatment to which Mr. Hallett subjected his wheat; that is to say, to the fact of its being sown singly and apart, so that each plant has been allowed to develop itself fully; but we cannot attribute the whole to this cause.

The point in which we are especially in-

terested is the fact that this wheat was, without any reasonable doubt, close bred throughout the whole of these five generations; and the result has been not deterioration, but most marked improvement. If we consider the structure of the wheat-flower, and the conditions under which it grew in these cases, we cannot entertain a doubt upon this question. Each individual flower is hermaphrodite, the flowers grow close together in a spike, and the number of stems thrown up from one seed all stand in a mass together. Hence it is hardly possible that the stigma of any one flower should receive pollen from any but either its own anthers or those of another flower on the same plant, which even Mr. Darwin himself admits can hardly be considered as a distinct individual. That Mr. Hallett himself has no doubt upon this point is proved by the following extract from a



private letter of his, which we have seen, in which he thus answers a question upon this subject. "As to crossing, I must in theory admit the *possibility* of its taking place, but have the fullest conviction that practically it has not taken place in my wheat and other cereals."

Mr. Hallet had also found that the improvement in the sixth generation has been even greater than in any of the others. Now, though it is true that the result of a trial of six generations does not vouch for that of one of sixty or six hundred, it is still good as far as it goes, and since it has led to a marked and unprecedented improvement in the original stock, it certainly tends to throw doubt upon the opinion that mere close breeding is of itself productive of degeneration.

On the whole evidence before us, then, we cannot conclude otherwise than that the very general opinion, that there is some special law of nature which close breeding infringes, is founded rather on a kind of superstition than on any really scientific considerations. If we look upon the question as one of science, we find that the facts given as evidence in favor of this opinion, all except those adduced by Mr. Boudin, can, without difficulty, be reduced under the ordinary laws of inheritance; and even those which he has brought forward, though at present not accounted for by the same laws, cannot be shown to be exemptions to their action, and remain quite

equally unaccounted for by the introduction of the hypothesis under discussion. On the other hand, the known facts brought to light by investigation among the lower animals and plants, are such as positively to disprove this hypothesis, as regards them; and it would require much more stringent proof than any one has ever yet attempted to bring forward, in order to justify us in believing that man is under the action of physiological laws differing from those which obtain in the rest of the animal kingdom. The aspect of the question before us from the practical point of view is, however, somewhat different. Here further evidence is still required, and will, no doubt, be collected. It is, of course, conceivable, whether probable or not, that there may exist at the present time in civilized communities, so few families really free from all taint of disease or imperfection, as to render intermarriage of blood relations unsafe by the action of the ordinary laws of inheritance. We are ourselves strongly disposed to disbelieve, in the absence of strict evidence, in any such degenerate condition as the normal state of modern humanity; but it is this point, and nothing further, which observation and statistics are capable of deciding; and in order even to do this, the observations must be more careful and the statistics far more extensive, than any which have yet been recorded.

The *Journal de Geneve* contains the following from a Paris correspondent: "La Vie de César, par Louis Napoleon," is printing at this moment. There can be no further doubt about it; and I am in possession of information from the imperial printing-office to the effect that a first impression, consisting of one hundred copies, has been struck off, in which the necessary alterations are being made at this time. Workmen have been selected for this purpose who have been employed in the office for many years; and they have been told that on the slightest indiscretion on their part they will lose their places. After the printing of each leaf in quarto every form is secured with three chains and three locks, the keys of which M. Petitin, the director of the printing-office, takes with him. As soon as the printing is completed, the sheets are taken into the emperor's cabinet; then the *collaborateurs* set to work correcting the press, or altering such passages as the emperor wishes to see re-done.

You see that measures are pretty well taken against any information reaching foreign papers—a subject of great dread with the author. The work, it is further said, will appear in a few months, and in two editions—one printed at the imperial printing-office, the other at Plon."

THOMAS CARLYLE ON THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

*Illiad (Americana) in nuce.*—PETER of the North (to PAUL of the South)—"Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year as I do! You are going straight to hell, you —?"

PAUL—"Good words, Peter! The risk is my own; I am willing to take the risk. Hire your servants by the month or day, and get straight to heaven; leave me to my own method."

PETER—"No, I won't. I will beat your brains out first!" (And is trying dreadfully ever since, but cannot yet manage it.) T. C.

May, 1863. —Macmillan's Magazine.

From The British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review.

*Les Médecins au Temps de Molière—Mœurs, Institutions, Doctrines.* Par Maurice Raynaud, Docteur en Médecine ès Lettres. Paris. 1862. 8vo.

*The Physicians of the Time of Molière; their Manners, Institutions, Doctrines, etc.* By Dr. Maurice Raynaud.

THEY say in France that there are certain people who affect to execrate the medical profession, in order to make believe that they have read Molière.

It has certainly been a generally accepted belief that the author of "Le Malade imaginaire" and "L'Amour Médecin" was at bitter feud with the Paris Faculty of Medicine, and that his sharp sallies of wit against the absurdities once common, but now rare, among professors of the art of healing, sprang from motives of personal hostility to his medical contemporaries. Better knowledge of the time and circumstances has long convinced all who have examined the matter closely, that such was not the case, and we deem the publication of M. Raynaud's interesting book a favorable opportunity of ventilating a question of some interest in medical literature.

It must be taken for granted that Molière's vocation was that of a satirist. Son of an upholsterer, and valet to a king who could not but regard with favor so witty and pleasant a servant, the dramatist, while conscious of the inferiority of his position and the superiority of his genius, possessed unusual opportunities of observing men as they are in the artificial region of a court. The king was not above enjoying the fun of seeing his courtiers and nobles pelted with Molière's ridicule, and even condescended occasionally to suggest to him new victims. This was notoriously the case with the Marquis de Soyecourt, for the display of whose oddity and passion for the chase, Molière, at his majesty's desire, added a scene to "Les Fâcheux." Unable, at the very short notice he had received from the king, to get up all the hunting terms necessary for the new scene, the unabashed wit adroitly extracted them from the marquis himself, who was Grand Veneur.

Called upon to provide amusement for his royal master, Molière composed the greater number of his plays to set off the splendid fêtes which Louis delighted in giving at Versailles, Fontainebleau, and elsewhere. The

introduction of a character well known to all the audience gave piquancy to these plays. Authors cannot take liberties of this kind without incurring peril, and Molière, notwithstanding the august protection he enjoyed, occasionally suffered for his impudence. The Duc de Feuillade, being generally pointed at as the original of Molière's "Marquis de Tarte à la Crème," avenged himself in a sorry way. Meeting the poet in one of the royal apartments, he saluted him amicably; as Molière bowed in return, the duke seized him by the head, and violently rubbed his fair effeminate face against the metal buttons of the ducal coat, exclaiming, "Tarte à la crème, Molière! Tarte à la crème!"

A writer who did not fear to incense dukes and marquises; who braved the wrath of the theological world by his "Tartuffe;" who incurred the anger of the women by "Les Précieuses ridicules," "L'Ecole des Femmes," and "Les Femmes savantes," was not the man to pause in the pursuit of medical men whenever they offered him fair game. Absurdities certainly were not wanting in the profession. Dogmatism in medical science was rampant. The scholastic glosses upon Hippocrates and Galen had accumulated into a vast mass of abstractions, which still held sway among the faculty. The four elements—earth, air, fire, and water; the dry, the damp, the hot, and the cold; the four humors, the nine temperaments—were manipulated in syllogisms with a vain, profitless subtlety that resulted in mere word-puzzles, more like a complicated algebraical problem than a serious inquiry into matters of life and death.

Molière was no indifferent observer of this state of things. For the greater part of his life he was a martyr to disease. The striking portrait of him hung in the gallery at Dulwich, is expressive of physical pain. He was subject to a convulsive cough, or hicough, from which nothing but the strictest diet could keep him free. Being a self-indulgent man (a characteristic also expressed in the portrait), and living in the midst of a luxurious court, the restraint imposed upon his appetite is said to have irritated him against the art which was called curative yet failed to cure him. Higher reasons, doubtless, co-operated in urging him to the onslaught he made on the prevailing system. His keen intellect, which, be it remembered, had been

exercised under the tutorship of the learned Gassendi, fully sympathized with men who—like Guy Patin, for instance—led the reaction which had already commenced against scholastic pedantry. The force and perennial freshness of his wit arises in no small measure from the profound insight into the nature and fitness of things which they exhibit. This truism, which applies to all writers of real genius, it is needful to keep before us distinctly when we hear Molière described as a mere writer of farces. M. Raynaud has given a very able, learned, and dispassionate chapter on the medical doctrines of the period which his book embraces. He points out specifically what Gassendi did to break through the spider's web of pedantry with which the schools had obscured the really great merits of the physicians of antiquity; and he then proceeds to indicate how, and in what plays, Molière reflects the teaching of his master in philosophy. As sincere in his hatred of dead formulas, shams, pedantry, and all that belongs to the Tartuffes of science, as any man in our own day, Molière contributed in no inconsiderable degree to the demolition of those *idola* which stood in the way of the new philosophy. His earliest pieces, performed while he was still roaming the provinces—pieces of which little more than the titles remain to us—show that his mind was then directed to the abuses of science falsely so called.

In the "Three Rival Doctors," the "School-master," and the "Doctor in Love," the same peculiarities of contradiction and inconsistency prevailed which were afterwards elaborated in the character of Metaphrastes in the "Dépit amoureux," of Caritides in the "Facheux," of Pancrace in the "Mariage forcé," and of Vadius in the "Femmes savantes." The one, an outrageous talker proves in an harangue half an hour long, that he knows how to hold his tongue; another worries his interlocutor to death by a discussion on the shape of a hat; all of them are infatuated with their own accumulation of unprofitable knowledge, classified, divided, and subdivided, and are able on every question to quote the opinion of the ancients, whether in Latin, Greek, or Hebrew, yet they show themselves absolutely ignorant of the practical point upon which their opinion is asked.

In dealing with the two vices of the then  
THIRD SERIES. LIVING AGE. 1070

Faculty in France, pedantry and charlatan-ism, Molière seems to recognize the honesty that may accompany the former. Thus, in "Le Malade imaginaire," Beralde says to the infatuated Argan—

"Your M. Purgon, for example, has no pretence about him; he is a doctor all over, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; a man that believes in his rules more than in all the demonstrations of mathematics, and who thinks a wish to examine them criminal. He sees nothing obvious, doubtful, or difficult in medicine, but with an impetuosity of prejudice, a rigidity of self-confidence, and a brutality of common sense and reason, prescribes his purges and his bleedings right and left without one moment's hesitation. You must not take it ill whatever he may do to you, for he will despatch you with the best intentions in the world, and in killing you he will only do what he has done for his wife and children, and what, if need were, he would do for himself."

Though Purgon is generally taken for the famous and able Dr. Fagon, the last stinging sentence of our quotation reflects an accusation which Guy Patin makes against Guenaut, physician to the king, of having put to death his wife, daughter, nephew, and two sons-in-law with his favorite remedy antimony. The amenities of social intercourse were not much observed in the terrible war between antimony and phlebotomy, by which the profession in the seventeenth century was riven asunder.

The letters of Guy Patin contain passages aimed at his brethren, compared with which the language of Molière is politeness itself. He seems to have been enchanted at the success of the latter, and on hearing of the performances in which the court physicians were ridiculed, he writes—"Thus people laugh at those who kill mankind with impunity." We remark that Guy Patin only heard of the play. Etiquette did not then permit grave persons, such as physicians, judges, bishops, to indulge in so frivolous an entertainment as a comedy.

As a pendant to the dramatized pedant Purgon, we may here refer to a good example of Molière's treatment of the species quack in the consultation scene of "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac," where the unfortunate hero of the play, being in perfect health, is entrapped into the hands of two practitioners, between whom, once safely seated, he cannot

escape until he has heard an exposition of his melancholy condition enough to drive him mad.

In September, 1665, appeared that play which has been called the dramatists' declaration of war against the faculty, "*L'Amour Médecin*." The plot of this comedy is extremely simple. Sganarelle, Molière's type of the bourgeois, is a widower with an only daughter, Lucinda, whom he is very desirous to keep at home, and unmarried, for the sake of his own comfort, not only that he may be spared the cost of a housekeeper, but also that he may escape the necessity of providing his daughter with a dowry. Lucinda has contrived to fall in love with Clitander, and by pining after him she is reduced to a very low condition of melancholy. The father seeks his daughter's confidence, but when he finds himself on the point of discovering a love-affair he craftily flies off at a tangent, declares he can get nothing out of the girl, and that she is an obstinate child, upon whom reasoning is thrown away. Lucinda in vain tries to force her confessions upon him; he will not hear her, and in spite of the loud reiteration in his ears of the word "husband," he persists in saying she is a bad girl who will not say what is the matter with her. The bold partisan who shouts to him that "Tis a husband she wants," is Lisette, the servant, who resolves to obtain by intrigue what has not been ceded to persuasion. She easily contrives to alarm Sganarelle by announcing the dangerous illness of his daughter. The most eminent physicians are sent for post haste. Lisette is very sharp in her remarks upon those learned gentlemen, who, as if by way of contrast to the solemnity which kept them from visiting the theatre, are introduced upon the stage dancing and making their reverences to Sganarelle. They are four in number, and after a conversation with the master of the house and Lisette, being left to themselves they sit down, and with a cough all round, commence a consultation; or rather they seem to do so, for their talk is upon the mules they ride, the ground they have covered, and the disputes raging among the profession. Sganarelle comes back and presses for a decision. All four physicians begin to reply at once, and when the confusion of tongues has subsided, one is heard to assert that the patient must be bled immediately, the advantage of which is flatly

denied by another, who recommends an emetic. A brief and hot dispute ensues between the two physicians, who are both extremely personal in their allusions to the deaths of former patients by bleeding and by antimony respectively. They each leave Sganarelle with the solemn assurance that the treatment prescribed by his rival will be the death of the girl. The perplexed father thereupon refers to the remaining two doctors, who bewilder him still more by their pedantic talk. This portion of the play was deemed by the faculty of that day the most offensive, being, we fear, for the time, at any rate, very true to nature. Sganarelle is about to try the effect of a quack medicine upon his daughter, when Clitander is introduced by Lisette as a doctor who cures by talismans. The father is hoodwinked, and the lovers adopt, in his presence and with his consent, the talismanic formula of marriage, which turns out to be marriage in sober earnest. So ends the play.

Much of the point and severity of this satirical comedy lay in the counterfeiting of living men, whose peculiarities were closely imitated by the actors, even to the drawl of one and the stutter of another. Guy Patin says that masks indicative of the features of the ridiculed physicians were worn by the actors, but this could hardly have been necessary, and would have been needlessly offensive. As Guy Patin only wrote from hearsay, his authority for the statement is by no means conclusive. Molière was assisted by Boileau in inventing Greek names for his victims, who, be it remembered though they were attached to the court, were not necessarily the heads of the profession.

It has generally been supposed that the original of the four doctors here put on the stage were MM. Daquin, Desfougerais, Guenaut, and Esprit. M. Raynaud gives very good reasons for substituting the names of Valot and Brayer for Daquin and Esprit, and thus brings together the very four men who were in attendance upon Cardinal Mazarin in his last moments (1661). An unseemly altercation took place on the occasion, according to Guy Patin, who writes—

"Yesterday, at two o'clock, in the Bois de Vincennes, four doctors—namely, Guenaut, Valot, Brayer, and Beda (Desfougerais), could not agree as to the kind of disease the patient died of. Brayer said the spleen was



ruined, Guenant said it was the liver, Valot maintained it was the lungs, and that there was water on the chest, Desfougereais affirmed there was mesenteric disease. . . . There are four clever men!"

Valot, whom M. Raynaud assumes to be the original of Tomès (the incisor), succeeded Vautier as first court physician, in 1652, on paying thirty thousand crowns to the cardinal. Louis XIV., who was very methodical, made him keep a "journal of the king's health,"\* which was continued by Daquin and Fagon. Who can say whether a page of that professional diary may not often explain the turns of policy pursued by the monarch, and reveal the momentous importance of a fit of indigestion in a king? Nothing was hid from the medical attendants, upon whom Louis relied implicitly. He liked to laugh at them, but he would not for the world have been without them. It was but a pleasant bit of malice that prompted him to say, "Surely we may laugh at the doctors a little, for they make us suffer enough."

A great cry was raised when Valot, not then of the court, was called in to advise about the illness of the king, who, in 1647, was seized with the small-pox. Valot recommended bleeding, to the horror of his colleagues, but the king recovered. For Anne of Austria, the queen-mother, and his early patroness, who died of cancer in the breast, Valot could do little, and he incurred the displeasure of his jealous contemporaries in consequence. He was already long past work when war with the Low Countries broke out, and being resolved to follow the king into Flanders, he succumbed to the fatigues of the campaign and died on the road.

Daquin, the other pretender to the character of Tomès, and who succeeded Valot, was a converted Jew. A man full of tact and adroitness, he endeavored to make the best of his position by asking for favors on every opportunity, until the king, wearied, it is said, of his pertinacity, suddenly dismissed him, in 1693, for having begged the archbishopric of Tours for his son. A more probable reason of his disgrace was the fall of Madame de Montespan, who had been his great patroness. The ready shrewdness of the man is illustrated by his retort upon the king, when Louis, referring once to an officer whose

death was announced, fixed his eyes on Daquin, and said, "That was an old and faithful servant of mine: he had one quality very rare in courtiers—he never asked me for anything." Daquin understood the allusion, and without the slightest discomposure replied: "Dare one ask, sire, what your majesty gave him?" Louis had nothing to say, for the faithful old servant had never received a favor.

Daquin's partiality for the lancet was sufficiently notorious to justify the application to him of the name Tomès, in allusion to his incisive propensities. Another characteristic formalism would apply doubtless to either Valot or Daquin, as when Tomès says that "a man who dies is but a dead man, and a matter of no consequence; but a formality neglected brings a notable damage to the whole body of physicians;" and he relates that, being called to a consultation, "three of *nous autres*, with a country doctor, I stopped the business. The people of the house did what they could, and the disease was progressing rapidly; but I would not give way, and the patient died bravely during our dispute." The "dying bravely" is a touch of genuine humor.

M. Desfougereais, another court physician, appears on the stage as Desfonandres the manslayer. He was the great partisan of antimony, with which, writes Guy Patin, "he kills more patients than three true men save by the ordinary remedies." His real name was Elié Beda, to which he tacked the designation of nobility when he had attained to wealth and honors. When Molière's play first appeared, Desfougereais must have been about seventy years old. He was distinguished for his courtly manners, which, together with his antimony powders and hatred of blood-letting, procured him a large practice. He had the misfortune to limp, a peculiarity which it is surmised would throw his part in the play upon the actor Béjart, who had a similar infirmity. Desfougereais was reckoned a charlatan by the Faculty, and is styled by Guy Patin, "venerable and detestable quack. . . . But," he adds, after a page of abuse, "he was a worthy man, who never changed his religion but to make his fortune and advance his children." This he said in allusion to Desfougereais' conversion, in 1648, from the Protestant to the Romish faith.

The great champion of antimony, however,

\* This curious manuscript was published last year by M. Le Roi as a sequel to Dangean's Memoires.



and the most celebrated French doctor of the time, was Guenaut, represented by Molière as Macroton, or the drawler, in allusion to his manner of speaking, which was very slow and solemn. If he was, as Guy Patin says, in person like a monkey, and a great dandy, he certainly offered a great temptation to the satirist, while at the same time his high position and great influence made an attack upon him dangerous. To him was addressed the rustic compliment of the carter who stopped the way to the Bois de Vincennes on occasion of the consultation already mentioned: "Let Sir Doctor pass; he will do us the favor to kill the cardinal." He appears to have been also the first physician in Paris that rode to his visits on a horse rather than on a mule. The circumstance which advanced his reputation more than any other was the cure of the young king in 1658. Louis had fallen seriously ill at Mardyck, whence he was transported to Calais. Doctors were summoned from all parts, Guenaut from Paris among the number. A council was held, at which Cardinal Mazarin presided; and as bleeding and other remedies had failed, a dose of antimony was resolved upon. The king recovered, and Guenaut gained great glory. The detractors of antimony were finally overcome, and the Faculty itself a few years later rescinded the decrees which they had fulminated against the hated remedy.

The history of the professional contest which was thus brought to a close forms an interesting chapter in M. Raynaud's book. Guy Patin was very bitter in his denunciations of the emetic, and hated Guenaut intensely as the great partisan of that specific. Patin's love for bleeding was excessive. He practised it upon old men of eighty (eleven times in six days on one occasion), and on children as young as three days. A child of seven he bled thirteen times in a fortnight. He was bled himself seven times for a simple cold, and a medical friend of his underwent the operation sixty-four times for rheumatism. Another member of the profession (M. Labrosse), who died refusing to be bled, is thus gibbeted in Patin's correspondence: "He did us the honor to call us sanguinary pedants, and said he would rather die than be bled. Die he did; the devil will bleed him in the next world, as a rascal and an atheist deserves." So much for not dying according to form, as Molière says.

Bahis is the stage name for M. Esprit, the fourth physician, whose stuttering speech is alluded to in the epithet. He it is who informs Sganarelle that "it is more worthy to die according to the rules than to recover in contradiction to them." M. Brayer, as we have said, is also put forth as the original of Bahis. There is a fifth medical personage, named Filerin, in the comedy, who seriously takes to task the two physicians who had quarrelled, and who is supposed to represent the entire Faculty, and to speak the general opinion in reproaching the offenders for their imprudence in letting the outer world know of their professional differences.

"For centuries," he says, "the world has been infatuated about us. Let us not disabuse the public mind. We are not the only ones who live by the weakness of mankind. There are flatterers, alchemists, and astrologers, who profit by the vanity and ambition of credulous minds. But the greatest weakness men have is their love of life, and that is the source of our gains."

"L'Amour médecin" is perhaps more tainted with personalities than any other of Molière's plays. It is that peculiarity indeed, which we must confess makes it an object of interest to us as offering much material for the history of medicine at that period. It must not, however, be forgotten that among French comedians, properly so called, Molière was almost the first in time as well as first in genius. His precursors were the mountebanks of the fairs and festival days, who employed the histrionic art as a means of vending quack medicines. In the case of these men, no fun was so telling or so appropriate to their purpose as vilification and ill-usage heaped upon the legitimate practitioners of medicine. The dramatist, we may easily imagine, often loitered through scenes of rustic or civic merriment, enjoying with a peculiar zest the broad farcical humor displayed in the booths of the charlatan. And as our own Shakspeare caught many a fruitful idea from the rude representations of his predecessors, and wrought the vulgar material into the noblest poetry, so Molière refined the clownish buffoonery of the quack into refined wit and sarcasm. Thus in bringing doctors so frequently on to his stage he seems but to have followed up the traditions of his dramatic progenitors.

"Monsieur de Pourceaugnac" would seem

to be a reminiscence of some scene witnessed at a booth. True it is a satire of higher quality than the common quack's, but its raillery is directed merely against the external absurdities of the profession—the wigs, the Latin, the pompous harangues. "L'Amour médecin" takes a wider range and strikes at nobler game. But highest of all Molière's pictures of man in relation to medicine is "Le Malade imaginaire." This play is not a mere caricature of members of the faculty, but a bitter protest of a dying man against the impotence of medical art.

The year 1673, when this his last comedy appeared, was the last year of Molière's life. The aneurysm which proved fatal to him had made a progress of which he could not be altogether unconscious. In spite of his ardent desire to live he could obtain no cure. Not long before, a literary enemy, Le Boulanger de Chabussay, who knew a good deal of Molière's life, had published a dramatic piece teeming with outrageous personalities, and entitled "Elomire the Hypochondriac," in which the poet's name is thinly disguised by an anagram. That the gay, witty, satirical Molière should be hypochondriacal would seem palpably absurd. Yet M. Raynaud points to a passage in Grimarest's eulogistic life of Molière, which would seem to admit that the accusation was just. It is to this effect: "Ten months after his reconciliation with his wife, he gave, on the 10th February, 1673, 'Le Malade imaginaire,' of which he is said to be the original." If we assume that Argan is the portrait of the author, with what a deep tragic interest is this celebrated comedy invested! A man to whom health was so important for the performance of his task in the royal revels found himself often taken off the boards by sickness, and his strength evidently failing him. He could understand the tortures of a mind like Argan's, longing for life and hating death, desperately clinging at every chance of cure and blindly confident for a time in those who promised him health. In bitterness of heart, Molière lays bare his secret thoughts to the public gaze. The imaginary nature of his Argan's sickness takes away from the play the painful feeling of reality which would otherwise be felt in the scenes of the sick man's self-inflicted torture. Viewed as the expression of genuine terror, what can be more tragic than Argan's words when about

to simulate death, in order to gound his avaricious wife's disposition. He is dominated by the most tyrannical of passions, the fear of death, on which, as Filerin would say, is based his dependence on the physicians. Starting suddenly from his reclining position, "Is there really no danger in counterfeiting death?" One would think that Molière had recognized the force of the insinuation contained in the "Elomire," and had resolved to laugh at himself in public. As in the other plays which allude to his domestic troubles, the laughter excited by "Le Malade imaginaire" may well, to those who remember the author's life, be mingled with tears.

There is something almost awful in the contemplation of that sick man's room, heaped up with drugs, with the doctors moving round their subject like ghosts or like vampires watching their prey, and the greedy hypocrite of a wife counting the gains she is about to inherit. While we think that he who plays the dying man is himself struck with a mortal disease and cannot live long, the comic elements of the piece become grim and lugubrious in the extreme. Subsequent events gave a deeply tragic interest to this last work of the greatest master of the modern comic drama.

We must remind our readers of the plot of "Le Malade imaginaire." Sganarelle, the hypochondriac, has a daughter, Angelique, whom he proposes to give in marriage to Thomas Diafoirus, a medical student, son of a doctor, and nephew to the great practitioner Purgon. With one of the Faculty for a son-in-law, the inveterate patient looks forward to a paradise of bleeding, blistering, and purging. Angelique, however, has given her heart to Cleante, and is most decidedly averse from any match with the pedantic Thomas. Meanwhile Beline, her stepmother, whose hopes lie in the speedy death of the sick man and the possession of his fortune, discourages the notion of marriage, and coaxes her husband into the belief that his daughter ought to be placed in a convent. The intrigue of the play is carried forward by Toinette, the servant, who, when Purgon angrily quits his patient for delaying to obey his orders, assumes the garb of a physician, and pretends to the most extraordinary healing powers. She re-appears in her native character of servant so promptly as to disabuse her master

of the suspicion, engendered by the resemblance, that she and the doctor are one. Beralde, the brother of Sganarelle, has meanwhile been reasoning with the latter against his fancy for medicines, and his blind confidence in Beline, whom he knows to be selfish and cruel. Toinette pretends to uphold her mistress and to justify her master's fond delusions. "To convince him," she continues, "that she is the most virtuous of women, do you, master, fall back in your chair and pretend to be dead, when the mistress comes in M. Beralde will hear her grievous lamentations." Precisely what Beralde and Toinette anticipate takes place. Beline, on learning the joyful news of her husband's death, expresses herself with so much cruel candor as to delight the partisans of Angelique and her lover, and to rouse in Sganarelle no small degree of wrath against his wife. A similar test applied to the daughter draws forth marks of sincere affection, by which the father is moved to consent to her marrying Cleante, on condition that he becomes a doctor. Beralde catches at this idea to persuade Sganarelle himself to become one of the Faculty. This gives the opportunity for introducing the celebrated burlesque of the ceremony of installation, which Molière composed in Macaronic Latin, of an absurdly comical description.

"Chirurgiani et Apothecari  
Atque totia compania aüssi,  
Salus honor et argentum  
Atque bonum appetitum,"

is part of the president's opening address, and a fair specimen of the Latinity of the whole. Three times the baccalaureus Argan makes oath that he will keep the statutes of the Faculty, that he will keep to the old rules, and that he will employ the ancient remedies—

"Maladus dut il crevare  
Et mori de suo malo."

The first draught of this burlesque was sketched after a merry supper at Madame de la Sablière's, where were assembled the wits of the day, including Molière, Boileau, La-fontaine, and the celebrated Ninon L'Enclos. Molière drew the outline, and the company, including probably a few *esprits forts* of the Faculty, threw in the details, making in all a much longer and more diffuse composition than the one handed down to us. M. Ray-

naud gives in his first chapter some curious particulars of the original ceremony and of the burlesque, of the type and of the anti-type.

The first representation of the play took place, as we have said, on the 10th of February, 1673, and its many sinister presentiments and passionate denunciations were but shadows of the approaching fate of the author. Molière played Argan. The latter, when urged by Beralde to disabuse himself of his infatuation for doctors by going to see one of Molière's comedies, bursts out into a bitter invective against the profane author. On the day of the fourth performance Molière was more unwell than usual, and his friends entreated him not to go on the stage. "What would you have me do?" he replied, with characteristic generosity; "fifty workpeople depend on my playing for their day's bread. I should never forgive myself if I stayed away." He uttered the cruel words against himself which we extract:—

"Argan. That's a pretty impudent fellow, your Molière, with his comedies; and I find it extremely funny to go and play honest men like the doctors!

"Beralde. It is not the physicians that he plays, but the absurdities of physic.

"Argan. He is a nice fellow to meddle with the management of physic! He is a blackguard and an impudent fellow to make fun of consultations and prescriptions, to attack medical corporations, and to go and put on his stage venerable persons like those gentlemen.

"Beralde. Whom but men of divers professions would you have him put there? Princes and kings, who are of as good a family as the doctors, are put on the stage every day.

"Argan. *Par la mort non de diable!* If I were the doctors I would be revenged for his impertinence; and when he falls ill, I would let him die unsuccored. He might do as he liked and talk as he liked then; I would not prescribe him the slightest little bleeding, the smallest little purge; and I would say to him, Burst, burst; that will teach thee how to play next time with the Faculty.

"Beralde. You are very angry with him.

"Argan. Ay, he is a foolish fellow; and if the doctors are wise, they will do what I say.

"Beralde. He will be wiser than your doctors, for he will seek none of their help.

"Argan. So much the worse for him if he does not have recourse to their remedies.

"Beralde. He has his reasons for not wish-

ing to take them, and maintains that only hearty, robust people are strong enough to support the disease and the remedies too; for his own part, he has only just force to bear the malady alone."

This grim pleasantry, which occurs in the third scene of Act iii., assumes a ghastly hue when read by the light of what occurred after the conclusion of the act and during the performance of the ceremonial ballet. As Moliere, in the character of the Bachelor of Medicine, was taking the oath and pronouncing the word *juro*, he was seized with a fit of coughing. He endeavored by a forced laugh to conceal the violence of the convulsion from the spectators, and remained in the theatre to the end of the representation. He was then carried to his house in the Rue Richelieu, where he expired soon afterwards, on the 17th February, 1673, suffocated in an attack of pulmonary hæmorrhage. He had literally fulfilled his gloomy prediction, and died without medical assistance.

Viewing him as a champion fighting against the pedantry and obstructiveness of the ancient Faculty, he merits all the glory of having died in the breach. His works undoubtedly exercised an influence which proved beneficial to medical science, in helping her to cast away many of the impediments that hindered her onward course.

We have yet a few words to say with regard to two of Moliere's contemporaries who are brought prominently forward by M. Raynaud. We allude to the two physicians Fagon and Mauvillain. The former has been pointed at as the original of Purgon in "*Le Malade imaginaire*"—an imputation which we think, with M. Raynaud, is not well-founded. When the play appeared, he was not a man of mark enough to be worth the dramatist's public railery. His reputation was at its height in the second half of Louis's reign. He was nephew to the celebrated Gay de la Brosse, the founder of the King's Garden; was admitted of the Faculty of Paris in 1664, and appointed Professor of Botany there by Valot. He spent some years in travelling and collecting specimens, and ever after, even when he became first court physician, he gave special attention to the botanical garden of which he was justly regarded as the second founder. When at the summit of his profession he enjoyed almost universal esteem, as much from the gentleness of his manners as

from the extent of his learning. His disinterestedness was equal to his modesty, for he would take no money from his patients, and abolished the perquisites that accrued to his office on the appointment to medical professorships in the universities. He owed his rise at court to Madame de Maintenon, with whom he became acquainted during a journey she made to Spain in charge of one of the king's natural sons. Genuine love of talent drew the two together. While Daquin held first place, Fagon was but a humble subordinate; but Madame de Maintenon lost no opportunity of advancing her friend, to the prejudice of the nominee of Madame de Montespan. One evening the king being at Marly had an attack of fever, and was attended by his physicians. About midnight, Daquin perceiving the symptoms favorable, retired, saying he would go to bed. Fagon seeming to follow him, stopped short in the ante-room, and settled for the night in an arm-chair, which, owing to an asthma he suffered from, was his ordinary kind of bed. An hour later the king complained to his valet that the fever was no better. "Sire," was the reply, "M. Daquin has gone to bed, but M. Fagon is there—shall I call him in?" "What will he tell me?" said the king, who dreaded Daquin's hearing of this breach of etiquette. "Sire, he will perhaps tell you something to console you." Fagon entered, felt the royal pulse, administered a warm drink, had his majesty turned over on the other side, and for the first time in his life found himself alone with the king, who did not resist long the charms of his superior understanding and fascinating conversation. Three months after this incident Daquin was dismissed, and Fagon appointed to succeed him.

In reading Moliere, a question often recurs as to the source from which he drew so copious a medical vocabulary, and other secrets of the mystery of healing. This problem is resolved by M. Raynaud on the assumption that his medical friends gave him assistance. With three physicians at least he was on terms of intimacy—Bernier, a fellow-student under Gassendi, Liénard, an extravagant Cartesian, who wished to adopt the physical principles of Descartes to the entire system of medicine, and Mauvillain, whose reputation is due to the great fame of his friend.

The introductory pages of "*Tartufe*" con-

tain the following lines addressed to the king:—

"SIRE,—a very honest doctor, whose patient I have the honor to be, promises and wishes to undertake before a notary that he will make me live thirty years longer, if I can procure him a favor from your majesty. As to his promise, I told him I did not ask for so much, and should be satisfied if he would undertake not to kill me. The favor, sire, is the canonry of your royal chapel of Vincennes, now vacant. Dare I ask this favor of your majesty the very day of the resurrection of 'Tartufe,' revived by your goodness? By the first favor I am reconciled to the devotees, and by the second I should make my peace with the doctors. For me these are doubtless too many favors at once, but perhaps not too many for your majesty, and I await with respectful hope the reply to my petition."

The canonry was given, and it is not a little singular in connection with our present subject that the only royal favor asked by Molière of which there is any record, was on behalf of the son of a medical man. "You have a doctor," said the king one day to Molière; "what does he do for you?" "Sire," replied the wit, "we talk together: he prescribes remedies; I do not take them, and I get well."

Mauvillain enjoyed a fair reputation among the Faculty for ability, learning, and engaging manners. Once he incurred considerable

professional disgrace with other antimonists by signing certificates favorable to a quack medicine, which crime of *lèse-faculté*, when proved, led to the expulsion of the offending doctors, who possibly had seen in the seller of powders a persecuted chemist. After being purged by a public humiliation and apology, Mauvillain and his friends were restored to the Faculty, "but the blot was not wiped away," says Guy Patin.

In conclusion, we heartily recommend M. Raynaud's book, which has already reached a second edition, to the lovers of medical literature, and accept it at the same time as a valuable addition to the literature concerning Molière. A history of the life of that distinguished dramatist is still a desideratum. The late Mr. Prescott, we are informed, had gathered materials for such a work, when his attention was diverted to Spanish subjects by the great success of his "Ferdinand and Isabella." He handed over his small Molière library to Mr. Ticknor, of Boston, who, having accumulated further materials, purposed carrying out the views of his friend. Advancing age, however, and the unhappy condition of his country, have combined to check Mr. Ticknor in the prosecution of his design, and quite recently he has abandoned the project altogether, and has given his curious collection of books on the subject to the Boston Athenæum.

UNDER the heading "Gedichte von Charles Kingsley, aus dem Englischen übertragen von Karl Vollheim," a recent number of the *Deutsches Museum* contained a considerable number of the Rector of Eversley's poems in German, which, we presume, were given as specimens of a translation of his collected poetical works. We will quote the first and last stanzas of "The Sands of Dee," and the first of the "Three Fishermen":—

—Reader.

"O Mary geh' und treib' das Vieh nach Haus,  
Und treib' das Vieh nach Haus,  
Und treib' das Vieh nach Haus  
Quer durch den Sand des Dee!"  
Der Westwind, feucht von Schaum, blies wild  
und graus,  
Und ganz allein ging sie.

Sie ruderten durch den rollenden Gischt,  
Den grausen kriechenden Gischt,

Den grausen kriechenden Gischt

In ihr Grab am Meere sie:

Doch hort mit ihrem Vieh sie noch wer fischt  
Durchziehm den Sand des Dee.

Drei Fischer fahren westwärts ins Meer zum Zug,  
Ins Meer zum Zug, als die Sonne schwand;  
Jeder dachte der Frau deren Herz für ihn schlug,  
Und die Kinder sahen ihnen nach vom Strand,  
Denn der Mann hat Last und die Frau hat  
Noth,  
Und wenig verdient sich, und mancher will  
Brod  
Ob des Meeres Flut auch brandet.

An International Bird-Show, "Exposition d'Oiseaux et Volatiles vivants de toutes Espèces, Français Etrangers," will take place at Enghien, near Paris, from the 16th to the 31st of August next.



From The Quarterly Review.

*The Life and Letters of Washington Irving.*  
By his Nephew, Pierre E. Irving. 3 vols.  
London, 1862-3.

Of the three volumes as yet published of the "Life and Letters of Washington Irving," two only appear to have had the entire supervision of his nephew, whose name appears on the title-page. The third closes with a chapter containing some correspondence of the deceased author with an English family, introduced with the following note: "These original letters and anecdotes were received too late to be incorporated in their proper place in this work, but have been considered too interesting to be omitted. There has not been time to communicate with Mr. Pierre Irving, that he might insert them.—E. P." The reader is not informed on the title-page or elsewhere, so far as we have observed, to whom these initials belong, and the mystery of this kind of double editing must remain therefore for the present unsolved. In the meantime, as there are no indications that the work is about to be soon completed, and as, with the third volume, as much of the career of Washington Irving as is likely to have any special interest for English readers terminates, we have thought that our notice of the work before us should no longer be delayed.

Washington Irving was born at New York in 1783: the youngest of eight children (who grew up) of William Irving, an Orkney man, who settled in America in 1763. William Irving had served on board one of the English mail-packets between Falmouth and New York, during the war which ended in that year. He married a Falmouth girl, our hero's mother; and had it not been for the celebrity of his son, the world would probably have remained unenlightened as to his genealogy. But our author was pleased in after life at making the discovery that the Irvings of Orkney were a clan of very respectable antiquity: and after sundry investigations he obtained through Mr. Robertson, sheriff substitute at Kirkwall (who had made a contribution on the subject to Mr. Dennistoun's interesting "Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange"), "a symmetrical and regularly attested table of descent, carrying his lineage through the senior representatives of the name to Magnus, of 1608, the first Shapinsha Irving," through him "to the first Orkney Ir-

ine and earliest cadet of Drum, William de Erwin, an inhabitant of Kirkwall in 1369, while the islands yet owned the sway of Magnus V., the last of the Norwegian Earls," and so ultimately, to the famous "secretary and armour-bearer of Robert Bruce."\* The far descended Orcadian, however, was in an humble condition of life: took to trade, in which he ultimately thrived, and became established in New York in the revolutionary time.

Throughout the War of Independence William Irving demeaned himself as "a true Whig;" and his wife shared his partisanship. The victorious American army entered New York just at the date of the birth of our author. "Washington's work is ended," said Mrs. Irving, "and the child shall be named after him." William was also attached to the religious persuasion of his old country, and became a deacon of the Presbyterian Church in New York. "A sedate, conscientious, God-fearing man," says his son's biographer, "with much of the strictness of the old Scotch Covenanter in his disposition." From which over-strictness followed the usual consequences. His children seem to have taken for the most part to something of Toryism in politics, and all but one strayed over to the Episcopalian fold in point of religion. Washington himself "signalized his abjuration at an early age, by going stealthily to Trinity Church, when the rite of confirmation was administered, and enrolling himself among its disciples by the laying on of hands, that he might thereafter, though still constrained to attend his father's church, feel that it could not challenge his allegiance." We must add, however, that this seems to have been a solitary instance of serious disobedience. The Irvings were, in truth, a most united and most loving family. As our concern with the distinguished writer relates chiefly to his literary history and English connection, we must needs omit the household details with which the pages of the biography before us are naturally filled. Suffice it to say, that they afford a simple picture of unpretending, honest, fam-

\* Mr. Pierre Irving says that this genealogy was prepared by its learned compiler, Mr. George Petrie, "without a break, from the facility afforded by the Udal laws of Orkney, which required that lands, on the death of an owner, should be divided equally among the sons and daughters, a peculiarity which led, in the partition, to the mention of the names and the relationships of all the parties who were to draw a share."—P. 4.

ily affection, such as is not often witnessed in this selfish world : brothers and sisters mutually helping each other through their very checkered lives, rejoicing in each other's successes, and mingling sorrow and counsel in seasons of distress, with scarcely a shadow of selfishness, or reserve, or jealousy, such as are so constantly found to keep family sympathies apart, even where the hearts remain fundamentally sound. "Brotherhood," says Irving himself, "is a holy alliance made by God and imprinted in our hearts : and we should observe it with religious faith. The more kindly and scrupulously we obey its dictates, the happier we shall be." His whole life, adds his nephew, was an exemplification of this doctrine. His father died in 1807, at the age of seventy-six ; his mother in 1817, after her son had emigrated to England.

Washington, as might be supposed from his after history, grew up an imaginative, impressible child, with quick tastes and ready sympathies, and a strong predilection for almost everything in turn except steady work, for which, throughout life, he retained the most unmitigated aversion. But his most real and most abiding passion was for travel and maritime adventure. The mingled blood of Orkney and Cornwall spoke out in his earliest years, and continued to impel him to restless locomotion at an age when most men have long ceased to travel except by their fireside. "How wistfully," he says in the Introduction to his Sketch-Book, "would I wander about the pier-head in fine weather, and watch the partingships bound to distant climes ! with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth !" At the age of fourteen, says his biographer, this desire

"had nearly ripened into a purpose to elope from home, and engage as a sailor. The idea of living on salt pork, which was his abhorrence, was, however, a great drawback to his resolution ; but with the courage of a martyr he determined to overcome his dislike, and accordingly he made a practice of eating it at every opportunity. It was another part of his discipline, by way of preparing for a hard couch, to get up from his bed at night, and lie on the bare floor. But the discomforts of this regimen soon proved too much for his perseverance ; with every new trial the pork grew less *appetitious*, and the bare floor more hard, until at length his faltering

resolution came to a total collapse."—Vol. i., p. 14.

In early life this passion for travelling was only partially appeased by the imperfect solace of long wanderings in the forest world which in those days covered what are now the populous, in some instances the half-exhausted, fields of New York and its Border States. The following extract from a letter which he wrote at the age of seventy, strongly expresses the feeling produced on an American by revisiting, in old age, the scenes of his youth. One might almost fancy it dictated by Khizzer, the Oriental wandering Jew, after one of his recurring visits at intervals of five centuries—scarcely equivalent in the slow East to five decades of years in the West :—

"One of the most interesting circumstances of my tour (1853) was the sojourn of a day at Ogdensburg, at the mouth of the Oswegatchie River, where it empties itself into the St. Lawrence. I had not been there since I visited it fifty years since. . . . All the country was then a wilderness : we floated down the Black River in a scow ; we toiled through forests in wagons drawn by oxen ; we slept in hunter's cabins, and were once four-and-twenty hours without food ; but all was romance to me. Well ! here I was again, after the lapse of fifty years. I found a populous city occupying both banks of the Oswegatchie, connected by bridges. It was the Ogdensburg of which a village plot had been planned at the time of our visit. I sought the old French fort, where we had been quartered : not a trace of it was left. I sat under a tree on the site, and looked round upon what I had known as a wilderness, now teeming with life, crowded with habitations, the Oswegatchie River dammed up and encumbered by vast stone mills, the broad St. Lawrence ploughed by immense steamers.

"I walked to the point where, with the two girls, I used to launch forth in the canoe, while the rest of the party would wave handkerchiefs and cheer us from shore ; it was now a bustling landing-place for steamers. There were still some rocks where I used to sit of an evening and accompany with my flute one of the ladies who sang. I sat for a long time on the rocks, summoning recollections of bygone days, and of the happy beings by whom I was then surrounded. All had passed away—all were dead and gone. Of that young and joyous party I was the sole survivor. They had all lived quietly at home out of the reach of mischance, yet had gone down to their graves ; while I, who had

been wandering about the world, exposed to all hazards by land and sea, was yet alive. It seemed almost marvellous. I have often, in my shifting about the world, come upon the traces of former existence; but I do not think anything has made a stronger impression on me than this second visit to the banks of the Oswegatchie."—P. 30.

We copy another bit of American scenery from his journals, because, besides the beauty of the language, it illustrates two of his tastes—the pictorial (he wanted at one time to turn painter, and always made artists his favorite associates) and the dramatic—which, however, he never had the opportunity of indulging beyond the limits of social theatricals, wherein he considered himself by no means a contemptible performer.\* He had got to the brink of one of the famous "terraces," sea margins, of undividable antiquity, which skirt at some distance the southern shore of Lake Ontario:—

"I found myself on the brow of a hill, down which the road suddenly made a winding de-

\* Irving was a constant votary of the theatre in England in his early days, and, when he could find the opportunity, in America. He used to describe with much humor a scene between the audience at New York and Cooke, in his tipsy days. "He was to play *Shylock* and *Sir Archy MacSarcasm*. He went through *Shylock* admirably, but had primed himself with drink to such a degree before the commencement of the afterpiece, that he was not himself. His condition was so apparent that they hurried through the piece, and skipped and curtailed, to have the curtain fall, when, lo! as it was descending, Cooke stepped out from under it, and presented himself before the footlights to make a speech. Instantly there were shouts from the pit, 'Go home, Cooke; go home; you're drunk.' Cooke kept his ground. 'Didn't I please you in *Shylock*?' 'Yes, yes; you played that nobly.' 'Well, then, the man who played *Shylock* well could not be drunk.' 'You weren't drunk then, but you are drunk now.' was the rejoinder; and they continued to rear, 'Go home; go home; go to bed.' Cooke, indignant, tapped the handle of his sword emphatically, 'Tis but a foil;' then, extending his right arm to the audience, 'Tis well for you it is;' and marched off amid roars of laughter" (vol. i. p. 161). In after-times he used to take off the stately ways of Mrs. Siddons. His first interview with her (after the appearance of the "Sketch-Book") "was characteristic. As he approached and was introduced, she looked at him for a moment, and then, in her clear and deep-toned voice, she slowly enunciated, 'You've made me weep.' Nothing could have been finer than such a compliment from such a source; but the 'accost' was so abrupt, and the manner so peculiar, that never was modest man so completely put out of countenance" (vol. i. p. 89). He felt so enthusiastic about Miss O'Neill, that he paid her the strange compliment of declining to be introduced to her, "unwilling to take the risk of a possible disenchantment."

scnt. The trees on each side of the road were like the side scenes of a theatre; while those which had hitherto bounded my view in front seemed to have sunk from before me, and I looked forth on a luxuriant and almost boundless expanse of country. The forest swept down from beneath my feet, and spread out into a vast ocean of foliage, tinted with all the brilliant dyes of autumn, and gilded by a setting sun. Here and there a column of smoke, curling its light blue volumes into the air, rose as a beacon to direct the eye to some infant settlement, as to some haven in this sylvan sea. As my eye ranged over the mellow landscape, I could perceive where the country dipped again into its second terrace, the foliage beyond being more and more blended in the purple mist of sunset; until a glittering line of gold, trembling along the horizon, showed the distant waters of Ontario."—P. 183.

These longings received early in life a full gratification. There was a consumptive tendency in the family, whether derived from the father's or mother's side, which cut short the lives of some, and rendered others subjects of great anxiety. Washington, at twenty-one, was extremely delicate, and it was judged advisable to send him to Europe, in order to try the effects of a long sea voyage and a milder climate than his own. He was at this time already embarked in life as "clerk" to Mr. Hoffman, "a distinguished advocate;" but in the young States—such was the happy security of the prospect of business for any one who turned his mind to it, and such the versatility of the community—an interruption of a year or two seems never to have been regarded as a matter of any consequence in a young man's professional or commercial career. His brothers shared the expense between them, the chief burden being borne by William, the eldest, "the man I most loved on earth," said Washington in after years. He was in such frail condition when he stepped on the deck of the vessel which was to carry him to Bordeaux, that the captain said to himself, "There's a chap who will go overboard before we get across." But every day of his much-loved travel seems to have removed the danger farther. His wanderings, though in the most frequented regions of Europe, were delightfully full of adventure. For an American to make his way through the imperial dominions at the outbreak of war with England, was a matter of difficulty and some danger. At Nice he was detained

five weeks as a suspected spy; once captured by pirates, or privateer's men (the distinction seems shadowy enough); saw Nelson's fleet pass in all its magnificence through the Faro of Messina, and the illuminations for Nelson's death-crowned victory in London. He visited Sicily, Rome,\* Northern Italy, Paris, England, and returned to New York in 1806. with his health re-established, and destined to endure, with trifling interruption, the trials of a very long life, but all chance of devotion to a settled every-day life irrevocably gone, and the propensity to a wandering existence radically implanted.

Such a propensity could hardly flourish along with due devotion to the legal profession, to which he now returned in his own country. His letters and journals become filled with the usual *jèrèmiades* of men of his turn of mind over want of success, betraying at the same time something of internal satisfaction that business keeps aloof, and thereby furnishes an excuse for clinging to literary occupation and its accompanying amusements. For Washington had become a contributor to newspapers, even before he first left his country, and now made them a means of livelihood as well as pleasure. Students for admission to the bar had in New York the excellent habit of giving a supper to their examiners, at which the names of successful candidates were read over. Those who officiated at Irving's call boggled a little conscientiously, when they came to his name. "Martin," said one to the other, "I think he knows a little law." "Make it stronger, Joe," was the reply—"damned little:" with which compliment he passed. As he was not destined by nature to become a Story or a Kent, we may dismiss his connection with the law in a few words. The only occasion on which he ever seems to have caught a spark of enthusiasm for the sable profession was when he went to Richmond, in 1807, on what his biographer oddly calls an "infor-

mal retainer from some of Colonel Burr's friends," the said Colonel being then on his trial for high treason. Aaron Burr was one of those half-dreaming and half-knavish political plotters on a great scale, of whom Continental Europe has produced many, England and America but few; for the special vocation of such men does not thrive well in countries where the game of politics is played above-board. He had schemes for the disruption of the juvenile Union, and for establishing a new federation in the valley of the Mississippi. His mysterious and abrupt manners imposed much on his associates: we remember one who knew him on a visit to England describing him as having the habit, when he entered a room, of feeling the panels of the walls mechanically with his cane, to ascertain whether they were adapted for listeners posted behind. Irving made a hero of his romantic client, whom the lawyers, between them, contrived to extricate by plunging the court, not unwilling, in a quagmire of technical embarrassments.

Literary life, and the amusements attending it were his real passion. We must refer the reader to Mr. Pierre Irving's narrative for a detail of "life in New York," such as Irving and the "choice spirits" of the commonwealth found it fifty years ago: rejoicing—"To riot at Dyde's on imperial Champagne, And then scour our city, the peace to maintain," in company with Allston the artist, Paulding the writer, Longworth the bookseller, "commonly called the Dusky," whom it was their delight to circumvent, and Henry Ogden, of whom the following is the only memorial: he had left one of their meetings "with a brain half bewildered by the number of bumpers he had been compelled to drink. He told Irving the next day that in going home he had fallen through a grating which had been carelessly left open, into a vault beneath. The solitude, he said, was rather dismal at first, but several other of the guests fell in in the course of the evening, and they had on the whole quite a pleasant night of it." We cannot but conceive the gayety of those primitive days as rather of a drab-colored order, and doubt whether the title of "Lads of Killenny," which the most daring leaders of New York life then gave themselves, would have been recognized as appropriate by its proper owners: but they were sufficient to leave a very pleasant memory in Irving's

\*It was at Rome that the desire to become a painter took strong but temporary possession of his mind. To a genuine American, like himself, it does not seem to have occurred as an objection that he had never tried his hand at art at all. "I believe it owed its main force to the lovely evening ramble in which I first conceived it, and to the romantic friendship I had formed with Allston (the American artist). Whenever it recurred to my mind, it was always connected with Italian scenery, palaces and statues and fountains and terraced gardens, and Allston as the companion of my studio."



mind, and often, in times of depression, to provoke comparison with the enjoyments of London "society," to which he was afterwards introduced.

Meanwhile he seems to have eked out the little he derived from his parents, and the assistance of his family, chiefly by literary work. He began writing for the newspapers, as we have seen, even before his first visit to Europe. After his return, he soon attained a leading place among the rising literary men of his country, where however, there was as yet but little encouragement to afford substantial support to such a reputation. "*Salmagundi*," a miscellany in the essayist style, by himself, his brother Peter, and others, appeared in 1807, and was the first work through which he became known in London, where it was reprinted in 1811. Paulding, the editor, allotted the two brothers a hundred dollars apiece as their ultimate share of profits, while he inhumanly (and as Irving believed falsely) boasted that he had himself realized ten or fifteen thousand by it. "The whirligig of Time brings about its revenges," and we shall see presently how Irving turned the tables on publishers in later days, when his celebrity led them into speculations which the public would not ratify. This finished, he and Peter immediately set about the more celebrated Knickerbocker's *History of New York*; "for my pocket," said Peter, "calls aloud, and will not brook delay." It was completed and produced, and at once achieved in America a high popularity; but saddened by the occurrence at the same time of the most melancholy event of Irving's life.

He had formed a strong attachment to a young lady named Matilda Hoffman, the daughter of the "advocate" in whose office he had commenced his clerkship. Irving's means were slender enough—little but the results of his pen, and a share in the kind of co-operative society which the brothers seem to have established. But his powers were great, his character most amiable; and in that happy region and time Cupid was not much in the habit of allowing Hymen to be embarrassed by chilling suggestions about future prospects. Everything went well with their loves, when they were interrupted by the rapid illness and death of the object of his affections. And his was one of the rarer cases in which such a wound never heals

"It is an indication," says his nephew, "of the depth of the author's feeling on this subject, that he never alluded to this part of his history, or mentioned the name of Matilda even to his most intimate friends; but after his death, in a repository of which he always kept the key, a package was found marked outside, 'Private Mems.,' from which he would seem to have at once unbosomed himself. This memorial was a fragment of sixteen consecutive pages, of which the beginning and end were missing. . . . It carried internal evidence of having been written to a married lady, with whose family he was on the most intimate terms, and who had wondered at his celibacy, and invited a disclosure of his early history. With these private memorandums were found a miniature of great beauty, enclosed in a case, and in it a braid of fair hair, on which was written in his own hand, Matilda Hoffman."

It adds something more to the touching interest of this sad little history, that at the time of Matilda's last illness and death, poor Irving was actually engaged, as we have seen, in finishing and preparing for the press his "*History of New York*;" the well-known work of humor on which his reputation in America first rose, and of which the genial, though somewhat wire-drawn, tone of mock-heroic fun must have jarred strangely on the feelings of the broken-hearted man:—

"I brought it to a close," he says, in the memorial in question, "as well as I could; and published; it but the time and circumstances in which it was produced rendered me always unable to look upon it with satisfaction. Still it took with the public, and gave me celebrity, as an original work was something remarkable and uncommon in America. I was noticed, caressed, and for a time elevated by the popularity I had gained. I found myself uncomfortable in my feelings at New York, and travelled about a little. Wherever I went I was overwhelmed with attentions. I was full of youth and animation, far different from the being I am now, and was quite flushed with this early taste of public favor. Still, however, the career of gayety and notoriety soon palled upon me; I seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze; my heart wanted anchorage. I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments: but my heart would not hold on: it would continually recur to what it had lost: and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement, I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret: I could



not even mention her name : but her image was continually before me, and I dreamt of her incessantly."—Vol. i., p. 129."

According to his biographer,—

"He never alluded to this event of his life, nor did any of his relatives ever venture in his presence to introduce the name of Matilda. I have heard of but one instance in which it was ever obtruded upon him ; and that was by her father, Mr. Hoffman, nearly thirty years after her death, and at his own house. A grand-daughter had been requested to play for him some favorite piece on the piano ; and in extracting her music from the drawer, had accidentally brought forth a piece of embroidery with it. 'Washington,' said Mr. Hoffman, picking up the faded relic, 'This is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship.' The effect was electric. He had been conversing in the sprightliest mood before, and he sank at once into utter silence, and in a few minutes got up and left the house. . . . It is in the light of this event of Mr. Irving's history, that we must interpret portions of his article on 'Rural Funerals' in the 'Sketch-Book,' and also that solemn passage in 'St. Mark's Eve,' in 'Bracebridge Hall,' beginning 'I have loved as I never again shall love in this world. I have been loved as I never shall be loved.' To this sacred recollection also I ascribe this brief record, in a note-book of 1822, kept only for his own eye : 'She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will be young and beautiful forever.'"—P. 131.

Thus speaks the editor in his first volume : but there is considerable danger incurred in thus publishing biography by instalments. Before the third volume was through the press, a little correspondence has been brought to light which shows that the hero's heart did not remain so absolutely true to its first impression as had been supposed—that, in point of prosaic fact, he did fall in love some fifteen years later with a fair English girl into whose society he had been thrown in Germany, quite seriously enough to be made very uneasy by Miss Emily Foster's friendly, but decided rejection of his addresses. Still, this early attachment, if not quite so exclusive as romance would fain have pictured, exercised, no doubt, a lifelong influence on his character.

We have dwelt the rather on this episode in Irving's life—the permanent impression made by the passing away of an unknown and short-lived girl on the character and genius of a man whose fate was to mix largely

in society, and acquire literary pre-eminence—because it seems to us to furnish also the real keynote of one of the most beautiful and popular passages in the "Sketch-Book." The "Broken Heart," suggested by the well-known story of Miss Curran and Robert Emmett, tells in part his own tale also. It is true that he attributes the faculty of nourishing those inveterate memories of the heart to women only ; but Irving's was in many respects a feminine, not effeminate, disposition, and no doubt he sate to himself for some traits in the picture.

"It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me, that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it ? I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex ; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

"Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world : it is there her ambition strives for empire ; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure : she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection ; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

"To a man the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs : it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity ; but he is an active being—he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or can plunge into the tide of pleasure ; or if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he

can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth and be at rest."

"But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured and sacked and abandoned and left desolate."

We do not know whether the strange and suspicious resemblance between this passage and the well-known lines in "Don Juan,"—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,"

and so forth, has ever been remarked on. It is so great that, on all ordinary calculation of probabilities, plagiarism would be supposed; and Lord Byron was of all converters to their own use of other men's intellectual goods, after Shakspeare, the most daringly unconcerned. Moore, in his edition of "Don Juan," quotes as a parallel passage a few sentences in "Corinne;" but they are not so near by an enormous distance. And yet it does so happen that the clearest possible case of literary alibi seems to be provable in favor of both writers. Lord Byron wrote the first canto of "Don Juan" in Italy, in the summer of 1818. It was privately printed early in 1819, and published in September of that year. Irving sent the MS. of No. 2 of the "Sketch-Book" (in which the "Broken Heart" occurs) from England, where he wrote it, to America, in April, 1819. It was printed in America that summer, and first appeared, in England, in the *Literary Gazette* in September that year, the same month with "Don Juan." It is all but mathematically impossible that either could have borrowed from the other. And yet many an author has been pilloried (metaphorically) on less cogent internal evidence, as a close comparison of the passages will show.

We have said that Matilda Hoffman's catastrophe decided Irving's destiny. He had, indeed, as we have seen, a natural predilection for the Gypsy or "Bohemian" mode of existence. But this might have been counteracted by strong domestic instinct and family affection. His whole life bears evidence to the conflict in his disposition between the two opposing tendencies. He never could

remain long in any fixed condition. His life was a succession of varying schemes and shifting localities. And yet his works are full of passages evincing a passion for quiet homes and steady Penates. The best remembered and most picturesque portions of the "Sketch-Book" and its successors describe the habits and enjoyments of a stationary, old-fashioned, rustic population. And it is plain from his letters and journals how intensely he enjoyed the repose and warmth of the family circles in which he became at different times accidentally domesticated, and how highly his own presence in them was appreciated in return. But whenever he seems likely to take root in any spot, the whirlwind seizes on him as on Béranger's Wandering Jew, and drives him devious over the world.

In 1814 we find Washington Irving, notwithstanding his constitutional aversion to politics, inspired by the war with England with patriotic ardor. He served for some time on the staff of the civic army of those days, while his brother William represented New York in Congress. He does not appear, however, to have been engaged in actual fighting. Some years afterwards an endeavor was made to draw him into public service. His countrymen, however they may be chargeable with making official situations in general the mere prizes of party zeal, have never been wanting in affording this kind of encouragement to literary merit. His friend, the celebrated Commodore Decatur, now obtained for him the promise of the office of "First Clerk in the Navy Department, which is similar to that of Under-Secretary in England. The salary" (adds his informant) "is equal to 2,400 dollars per annum, which, as the commodore says, is sufficient to enable you to live in Washington like a prince." "To the great chagrin of his brothers, and contrary to their expectations" (says his biographer), "Washington declined this offer." The principal reason which he assigned was, "I do not wish to take any situation that must involve me in such a routine of duties as to prevent my attending to literary pursuits." He was so disturbed, however, "by the responsibility he had taken in refusing such a situation, and trusting to the uncertain chances of literary success, that for two months he could scarcely write a line." Probably the old wound—that inflicted by the death of Matilda Hoffman—was not yet

scarred over, and he shrank from the dreariness of steady routine employment in solitude as men so hit often do. In after life he chose to regard this as a mistake. The following letter, addressed in 1824 to his nephew, Pierre Paris Irving, seems like an unburdening of his conscience:—

"I hope your literary vein has been a transient one, and that you are preparing to establish your fortune and reputation on a better basis than literary success. I hope none of those whose interest and happiness are dear to me will be induced to follow my footsteps, and wander into the seductive but treacherous paths of literature. There is no life more precarious in its profits and fallacious in its enjoyments than that of an author. I speak from an experience which may be considered a favorable and prosperous one; and I would earnestly dissuade all those with whom my voice has any effect from trusting their fortunes to the pen: for my part, I look forward with impatience to the time when a moderate competency will place me above the necessity of writing for the press. I have long since discovered that it is indeed vanity and vexation of spirit. . . . I feel myself called upon to urge these matters: because, from passages in your letter, it would seem that some idle writing of mine had caught your fancy, and awakened a desire to follow my footsteps. If you think my path has been a flowery one, you are greatly mistaken; it has too often lain among thorns and brambles, and been darkened by care and despondency. Many and many a time have I regretted that at my early outset in life I had not been imperiously bound down to some regular and useful mode of life, and been thoroughly inured to habits of business; and I have a thousand times regretted with bitterness that I was ever led away by my imagination. Believe me, the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, eats often a sweeter morsel, however coarse, than he who procures it by the labor of his brains. . . . I am anxious to hear of your making a valuable practical man of business, whatever profession and mode of life you adopt. . . . Our country is a glorious one for merit to make its way in; and wherever talents are properly matured, and are supported by honorable principle and amiable manners, they are sure to succeed. As for the talk about modest merit being neglected, it is too often a cant, by which indolent and irresolute men seek to lay their want of success at the door of the public. Modest merit is too apt to be inactive, or negligent, or uninstructed merit. Well matured and well disciplined talent is always sure of a market, provided it exerts

itself; but it must not cower at home and expect to be sought for. There is a good deal of cant too, in the whining about the success of forward and impudent men, while men of retiring worth are passed over with neglect. But it happens often that those forward men have that valuable quality of promptness and activity, without which worth is a mere inoperative property. A barking dog is often more useful than a sleeping lion."—Vol. ii., p. 393.

This is all very sound doctrine, and well preached, but if it had been acted on, the world would have lost an accomplished and agreeable author, and the author himself a life which seems on the whole to have been an enjoyable as well as a successful one; while the duties of "First Clerk in the Navy Board" were probably much better performed by some one else.

We are, however, anticipating, in carrying the reader forward to the circumstances of this offer. It was in 1815, immediately on the conclusion of peace between America and Great Britain, that Irving revisited the old world. No very special motive for this journey appears in his biography, beyond the ordinary desire for a temporary change of scene. But that change proved a protracted one. He "little dreamt that the ocean he was about to cross would roll its waters for seventeen years between him and his home," or that the close of those seventeen years would find him an adopted Englishman, familiar to the homes and hearts of his new countrymen as one of the most popular authors of his time.

At this period two of Washington's brothers, Ebenezer and Peter, were established in business at Birmingham, where his brother-in-law, Mr. Van Wart, was also a merchant. He made his home with them on his arrival, and was in course of time persuaded into joining them as a partner. As this constitutes a mere episode in Washington's life, it is sufficient here to say that the partnership was a constant source of anxiety; the house of the brothers Irving got into difficulties, owing to the commercial reaction which followed the peace of 1815, and became ultimately bankrupt in 1818. The matter was of little consequence to Washington—who had no capital to embark in the concern—except that it stimulated him to action, from the necessity of relying on his pen as a regular means of support. And the house of Van

Wart, compromised for a time in the failure, soon recovered its position.

Washington's intimacies, on his arrival in England were chiefly among Americans, and especially the artists, his old friends Allston, Leslie, and Newton. With Leslie in particular he lived on terms of brotherly affection; and there are abundant notices of their companionship in Mr. Tom Taylor's biography of the simple-minded painter. We extract one, though a little in anticipation of another portion of his career:—

"Towards the close of the summer of 1821," says Leslie, "I made a delightful excursion with Washington Irving to Birmingham, and thence into Derbyshire. We mounted the top of one of the Oxford coaches at three o'clock in the afternoon, intending only to go as far as Henley that night; but the evening was so fine, and the fields, filled with laborers gathering in the corn by the light of a full moon, presented so animated an appearance, that although we had not dined we determined to proceed to Oxford, which we reached about eleven o'clock, and then sat down to a hot supper. The next day it rained unceasingly, and we were confined to the inn, like the nervous traveller whom Irving has described as spending a day in endeavoring to penetrate the mystery of the 'Stout Gentleman.' This wet Sunday at Oxford did in fact suggest to him that capital story, if story it can be called. The next morning, as we mounted the coach I said something about a *stout gentleman* who had come from London with us the day before: and Irving remarked that 'the Stout Gentleman' would not be a bad title for a tale. As soon as the coach stopped he began writing with his pencil, and went on at every like opportunity. We visited Stratford-on-Avon, strolled about Charlecote Park and other places in the neighborhood, and while I was sketching, Irving, mounted on a stile or seated on a stone, was busily engaged with 'the Stout Gentleman.' He wrote with the greatest rapidity, often laughing to himself, and from time to time reading the manuscript to me. We loitered some days in this classic neighborhood, visiting Warwick and Kenilworth, and by the time we arrived at Birmingham the outline of the 'Stout Gentleman' was completed. The amusing account of 'The Modern Knights Errant' he added at Birmingham, and the inimitable picture of the inn yard on a rainy day was taken from an inn where we were afterwards quartered at Derby. \*

"Nothing could be more agreeable," pursues Leslie, "than my daily intercourse at

\* "Autobiographical Sketches," vol. ii., p. 65.

this period with Irving and Newton (1820). We visited in the same families, chiefly Americans resident in London, and generally dined together at the York Chop-House, in Wardour Street. Irving's brother Peter, an amiable man, and not without a touch of Washington's humor, was always of our party. Delightful were our excursions to Richmond or Greenwich, or to some suburban fair on the top of a coach. The harmony that subsisted among us was uninterrupted; but Irving grew into fame as an author, and being, all at once, made a great lion of by fashionable people, he was much withdrawn from us."

His new occupation, however, as a professional author rendered it necessary that he should seek for advice and encouragement among more influential allies, already known to the literary public; and the first of these who befriended the young foreigner was Campbell. Peter Irving had done the poet some service in the way of obtaining for him an American copyright. Campbell, in return, introduced Washington both to the authors whom he loved, and the booksellers, whom he hated but dreaded. Campbell, it is said, once, at a dinner in the height of the war, gave "Napoleon" as a toast. Being asked the reason of so disloyal a proceeding, he replied, "because he once shot a bookseller." It was through Campbell, and as early as 1817, that Irving obtained his first introduction to Walter Scott, the origin of an acquaintance which proved to the American a source not only of pleasure, but of considerable advantage. Scott took to him at once. He not only felt for the Transatlantic stranger that kindly sympathy which he was always wont to extend to literary adventurers of merit, but he esteemed his character, enjoyed his easy flow of conversation, and his unobtrusive company. He calls him (in a letter published in Lockhart's life) "one of the best and pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day." Irving for his part repaid Scott's kindness by the most enthusiastic admiration:—

"I cannot express my delight at Scott's character and manners," he says in his first letter to his brother Peter Irving from Abbotsford; "he is a sterling, golden-hearted, old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth, with an imagination continually furnishing forth pictures, and a charming simplicity of manners that puts you at ease with him in a moment. It has been a constant source of



pleasure to me to remark his deportment towards his family, his neighbors, his domestics, his very dogs and cats; everything that comes within his influence seems to catch a beam of that sunshine that plays round his heart; but I shall say more of him hereafter, for he is a theme on which I shall love to dwell."

"I am now pretty well acquainted with the luminaries of Edinburgh," he says elsewhere, "and confess that, among them all, Scott is the man of my choice. Neither the voice of fame nor the homage of the great has altered in the least the native simplicity of his heart. . . . Jeffrey excels him in brilliancy of conversation, but Jeffrey seems to be always acting a studied part; and although his social feelings may be no less warm than Scott's, yet they are more or less disguised under a species of affectation. His friends esteem him a miracle of perfection; and, in point of talent, none will be found to contradict them; but as for the *et ceteras*, I would not give the Minstrel for a wilderness of Jeffreys."—P. 221.

Perhaps, however, gratitude may have had some share in producing these enthusiastic feelings. The "Sketch-Book" appeared first in America, in numbers, in 1819, under the superintendence of his brother Ebenezer, and his friend Brevoort. It seized at once on the American mind—a rare event for a work of imagination, and what may be termed peculiarly English humor, in that uncongenial atmosphere; but "Rip van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow" seem to have carried everything before them. In the course of the year the London *Literary Gazette* commenced a reprint of the series. Irving appears really not to have contemplated publication in England, "conscious that much of the contents could be interesting only to American readers, and having a distrust of their being able to stand the severity of British criticism;" but this proceeding of the *Gazette* drove him into the field. He first applied to Murray, who declined the undertaking without having read the book. It then occurred to him to send the numbers to Walter Scott, on the strength of their as yet slight acquaintance, and ask him to negotiate with Constable, at Edinburgh. Scott entered at once on the business with all the heartiness inspired by good-will to the author and a real sense of the value of the book. "It is positively beautiful," he said; and evinced his appreciation of it in his own characteristic way, by offering Irving "the superintendence of an anti-Jacobin periodical

publication which will appear weekly in Edinburgh, with £500 a year certain, and the reasonable prospect of future advantages." Irving declined the offer, not only on account of his general dislike to politics, but his special dislike of "any recurring task, any stipulated labor of body or mind," anything, in short, which would interfere with the unattached and discursive character of his existence. Irving then determined to publish on his own account, through Miller. "It is certainly not the very best way," observes Scott thereupon (March 1, 1820), "to publish on one's own account; for the booksellers set their faces against the circulation of such works as do not pay an amazing toll to themselves. But they have lost the art of altogether damming up the road in such cases between the author and the public, which they were once able to do as effectually as Diabolus, in John Bunyan's Holy War, closed up the windows of my Lord Understanding's mansion." Proceedings were interrupted by the failure of Miller. Ultimately, Scott induced Murray to complete them; and the great publisher bought the copyright of a second edition for £200. the success of the book was complete; and from that time Irving's modest literary fortune may be said to have been made.

The Sketch-Book remains the standard work by which Irving's title to a position among English writers was fixed. Nor did he ever rise above the height which he then attained. For our own parts we are inclined to think that "Bracebridge Hall" and the "Tales of a Traveller" contain some passages which excel in merit anything achieved in his earlier publication. But whether this be so or not, the "Sketch-Book" gave vent to the "first sprightly runnings" of his genius. Writings of this class must be of great excellence to retain their hold on the public for more than a few years. Newer and more fashionable candidates for popularity of the same order are daily arising to supplant them. Dickens and Thackeray, not to mention others of less name, have no doubt left but scanty room on our library shelves for Irving. His real defect is want of originality; or, to speak perhaps with more accuracy, such originality as he possesses is of manner, not of matter. He was not much of an observer at first hand either of nature or mankind. His talent lay rather in reproducing the impressions which he had



derived from books, than in creating from his own stores of perception or imagination. His England, with its pastoral, old-fashioned inhabitants, is the England of which an American reads or dreams, not our country of the nineteenth century. It has been not ill said of him, that he "brought us *rifacimentos* of our own thoughts, and copies of our favorite authors. We saw our self-admiration reflected in an accomplished stranger's eye."

There is a sameness, too, in the general run of his graceful little creations, which is not ill-characterized by the epithet which was applied to him of the "Wouvermans of Anglo-American literature." Still, his touch is often vigorous, sometimes picturesque, always pleasing; he possesses in great perfection that art of mingling pathos with humor, carrying neither beyond the point at which it will harmonize with the other, which is among the rarer gifts of authorship. In fact, we hardly know of any one since Addison, his model, who exhibits it in an equal degree. And these qualities have secured him a permanent place, if not one of the highest order, in the ranks of modern humorists. Notwithstanding all the vogue of later writers, Irving remains one of the most popular of our deceased authors, judging by the common-place but fair test of library circulation. And it is worthy of remark, that he occupies, and perhaps alone, a middle place between the literature of distinct generations or centuries. He is connected on the one hand with a series of bygone celebrities whose fashion is out of date: on the other, with some of those whose fashion is of the newest. As to a great portion of his writings, he is the successor of the early "British Essayists," particularly of Steele and Goldsmith, whose style and peculiarities he endeavored to adapt to his own generation. As to another portion, and perhaps that most peculiar to himself—the grotesque, or Hoffmanesque, or comic legendary style, exemplified in "Rip Van Winkle," the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and several more of his best-known productions—he is rather the predecessor of a newer school. He, De Quincey, and one or two more, may be said to be the original explorers, in English at least, of this particular vein, which has been subsequently followed up, even to our weariness, by so many more; which was peculiarly seductive to Dickens in his earlier

days, until his fame became established on a firmer basis; and which seems still to furnish a large share of the material of some of our most popular periodicals. And we cannot close this short critical essay without advert-ing to one peculiarity in Irving's writings to which justice has scarcely been done—the exceedingly musical cadence of his prose. This is scarcely owing to labor; for he was a rapid and rather careless writer. It was, we imagine, the result of a natural gift. Its existence can easily be tested by reading aloud.

Having got the "Sketch-Book" and the fraternal bankruptcy fairly off his mind for the time, Irving proceeded to gratify his restless disposition by leaving England and setting up his bachelor tent in Paris, in company with faithful brother Peter. They started, after the fashion of their country, with a speculation for running steamers on the Seine, between Havre and Rouen, which scheme was before its age, and had little result beyond absorbing the profits of the "Sketch-Book." It would have been well if the national itch for "investments" had been cured in him by this uncomfortable experience: but within a few years we find the two brothers again engaged in the "Bolivar Copper Mine," and again running up a sad *per contra* in Washington's little account-book. He made the gay city his abode on this occasion for nearly a year and a half; from August, 1820, to the end of 1821.

The most noteworthy circumstance connected with his stay there was the intimacy which he formed with Moore the poet, whose residence in Paris was just then compulsory, owing to his Bermudian entanglements. Their slight acquaintance with each other soon ripened into familiar friendship. It is evident that Irving in reality liked Moore by far the best of the English literary men with whom he made friends, and Moore, on his part, cordially returned the compliment. There was something congenial in the social, impecunious, Bohemian habits of both, while, in conversation, Moore's brilliancy fitted in admirably well with Irving's more natural and simple style, which served the poet as a foil. Moore was seldom happier than in the intervals of his gay invitations (which were, nevertheless, so much to his taste), when he could get Irving alone, or with one or two more, to drop in for a "roast chicken with Bessy," probably finishing the evening at

some Parisian theatre. Irving had what was to Moore the merit of contrast. He was at bottom a man of melancholy temperament, rather dependent on others for excitement, and somewhat slow to draw out. The poet in his journals describes a scene at his own lodgings, when the floor gave way through some accident. "Irving's humor," he adds, "broke out as the floor broke in, and he was much more himself than ever I have seen him." More generally, Moore esteemed him "not strong as a lion, but delightful as a domestic animal." They were also of considerable service to each other as literary brothers. Irving doubtless supplied Moore with many a hint which expanded into verse: Moore, according to his own account, made a present to Irving of some of the best stories recounted in his work.\*

Irving returned to London to find himself famous, and, in a certain degree, fashionable; as we have seen that his American friends greatly complained. We rather doubt, however, the extent of that initiation into good society, technically so called, for which Leslie in the simplicity of his heart gave him credit. To say the truth, Irving, though among his own associates the most natural and unpresuming of men, was not more proof than others of the same easy nature against the little bits of condescending flattery from fashionable folks with which he occasionally met. We English ought certainly to be the

\* The genealogy of good stories leads us back to periods of antiquity almost as bewildering as that of man in the hands of modern philosophers. Every one knows the tale of the student in Paris and the ghostly lady, whose head fell off as soon as her collar was untied. Alexander Dumas has only recently reproduced it as "*La Femme au Collier de Velours*," without the slightest hint of appropriation from Irving's *Lady with the Black Collar* ("*Tales of a Traveller*"). Moore says that he told the story to Irving, "having had it from Horace Smith" (*Journals*, iv. 208). But it will be found with very slight variation in old Sandys' commentary on Ovid's "*Metamorphoses*," published in 1640 (Book xi). "By a French gentleman I was told a strange accident which befel a brother of his, who saw on St. German's Bridge, by the Louvre (this was the official name, afterwards superseded by the popular appellation of the Pont-Neuf,) a gentlewoman of no mean beauty, sitting on the stones (there laid to finish that worke) and leaning with her elbow with a pensive aspect. According to the French freedome he began to court her, whom she entreated for that time to forbear, yet told him 'if he would bestow a visit to her lodging about eleven of the clock he should finde entertainment agreeable to his quality.' He 'found her tough too colde for her youth.' The morning 'discovered unto him a coarse by his side, forsaken by the soule the evening before.'"

last people to satirize others for tuft-hunting; but it is amusing to perceive how very naturally our Republican cousins take the inoculation of that truly British disease. Lady Lyttelton had been pleased with the "*Sketch-Book*," and wrote to Mr. Rush, the American Minister in London, to ask whether there was any truth in the report that this work was really written by Walter Scott; or rather to apply to his Excellency for a triumphant proof of its falsehood, as it put her out of all patience to hear the surmise. The consequence was an introduction by Mr. Rush to the real author, who adroitly informed Lady Lyttelton that the article on "*Rural Life*," which had particularly taken her fancy, was "sketched in the vicinity of Hagley, just after he had been rambling about its grounds, and whilst its beautiful scenery, with that of the neighborhood, were fresh in his recollection;" and finally an invitation to Irving (1820) to pay her father, Lord Spencer, a visit to Althorp. This circumstance seems to have elevated the worthy author exceedingly, and is chronicled by his biographer with such solemnity as seems to indicate that he shares in a due susceptibility for such honors. Irving, being at Paris, was forced to decline the invitation, and in doing so, through the American Minister Rush, says, "I hardly know how to express myself as to the very flattering communication from Mr. Lyttelton. It is enough to excite the vanity of a soberer man than myself. . . . Will you be kind enough to convey," etc., etc., "but, above all, my heartfelt sense of the interest evinced in my behalf by Lady Lyttelton, which I frankly declare, is one of the most gratifying circumstances that have befallen me in the whole course of my literary errantry." His little knot of American associates were as charmed as himself. "We had heard a rumor of Earl Spencer's invitation to you," says Leslie, "and were very glad to hear it confirmed. Miller says Geoffrey Crayon is the most fashionable fellow of the day!" It is almost a pity to quote, even in passing, these follies of the wise; and it is justice to add that, if Irving gave way on this occasion of the spell, such weakness was inconsistent with the general frankness of his disposition and independence of his character.

The "*Sketch-Book*" was followed in course of time by what may be termed its continua-

tion, "Bracebridge Hall" (1822), and the "Tales of a Traveller" (1824), of which we have already spoken. For the former, Irving got 1000 guineas from Murray; for the latter, he asked 1500 and was offered 1200, but how the difference was settled does not appear. These sums, however, by no means represent his literary income for the year in question, which was swelled by many subsidiary operations in England, and contributions apparently from America. In fact, he was now enjoying affluence in an author's sense of the word, and laying by money for a rainy day. He was offered a hundred guineas an article, to write for the "Quarterly;" but, to his honor, even though we may deem the scruple unnecessary, he refused to be connected with a publication which he regarded as hostile to his country. He wandered about from Paris to London, and from one spot to another in England, without fixed place of residence. Perhaps the happiest little episode in his life, judging from the memorials preserved of it, was his sojourn at Dresden for six months of 1822-3; chiefly animated by his intimacy with a charming English family, that of Mrs. Foster, daughter of Lord Southampton, in which he became thoroughly domesticated. The beginning of this acquaintance was perhaps unique in its singularity.

"It appears" (says one of the ladies of the family) "that some time previously my mother had written to her eldest daughter in England a full and affectionate letter; in it, as was her custom, she enlarged on the works she was then reading. These works happened to be Mr. Irving's. With all the warmth and enthusiasm of her nature she had commented on and commended them, and finished her letter by transcribing a favorite passage from the Sketch-Book, at the bottom of which she wrote the author's name in full, 'Washington Irving,' not leaving room for her own signature. This letter miscarried, and the police opened it. They found no name but Washington Irving's, and not pushing their inquiries further, or not understanding English,—if they did, they took this name as clear testimony that he was the writer of the letter,—and knowing his whereabouts, returned it to him, as they supposed, in the usual course of business. . . . He told us afterwards that no praise had ever seemed to him so sweet, so genuine, as what he so unexpectedly found in those lines."—Vol. iii., p. 337.

It was impossible not to seek the acquaint-

ance of the lady who had thus unconsciously opened her heart to him. And it was to a daughter of Mrs. Foster that he formed that attachment to which we alluded in a former part of this article—a short-lived dream of romance, born amidst the gayeties of the little German court; nourished by poetry and mutual flattery and the moon, and long summer rambles amidst the hills and forests and haunted castles of old Saxony: and extinguished by "conviction of its utter hopelessness" from want of requital. But the same lady (now Mrs. Fuller, the wife of a clergyman in Northamptonshire), on being applied to by Mr. Pierre Irving for his uncle's correspondence with the family, sent him the following graceful testimonial to the memory of her former admirer.

"The passages I have sent give an idea of his life in Dresden. Sought after by all in the best society, and mingling much in the gay life of a foreign city, and a court where the royal family were themselves sufficiently intellectual to appreciate genius, but really intimate with ourselves only, and to such a degree that it gives me a right to judge of some points in his character. He was thoroughly a gentleman, not merely externally in manners and look, but to the innermost fibre and core of his heart. Sweet-tempered, gentle, fastidious, sensitive, and gifted with the warmest affection; the most delightful and invariably interesting companion, gay and full of humor, even in spite of occasional fits of melancholy, which he was, however, seldom subject to when with those he liked; a gift of conversation that flowed like a full river in sunshine, bright, easy, and abundant."—Vol. ii. p. 340.

This was, however, in his happier moments. About this time, at the age of forty, that satiety of a life without definite objects, and vague fear of a more objectless future, which is the Nemesis of a Bohemian existence, seems to have fallen on him with painful acuteness. The symptoms were complicated in his case with those of temporary loss of health. He had the nightmare feeling of overtaking his powers, and struggling against diminishing popularity and decaying friendships for a hardly won existence.

"I have, in fact, at times" (he writes in 1823) "a kind of horror on me, particularly when I wake in the mornings, that incapacitates me for almost anything. It is now passing away, and in a day or two I hope I shall be quite over it. It has prevented me from

pursuing anything like literary occupation. I am aware that this is all an affair of the nerves, a kind of reaction in consequence of coming to a state of repose after so long moving about, and produced also by the anxious feeling on resuming literary pursuits. I feel like a sailor who has once more to put to sea, and is reluctant to quit the quiet security of the shore. If I can only keep the public in good-humor with me until I have thrown off two or three things more, I shall be able to secure a comfortable little independence, and then bread and cheese is secure, and perhaps a seat in the pit into the bargain."—P. 362.

From the recurrence of these "ægri somnia," Irving was effectually relieved, after a hypochondriacal year or two, by the opening of a new career of interest. It is not very clear, from Mr. Pierre Irving's narrative, at what period of the author's life he first began to turn his attention to Spanish subjects and Spanish adventure. They have always had a peculiar and somewhat romantic attraction for American literary men, who trace back the first discovery and conquest of their continent to the subjects of Ferdinand and Isabella. We find Irving in 1825 busy acquiring the Spanish language at Paris: in the following year he starts for Bordeaux with brother Peter, evidently intent on Spanish adventure, and on making a book or two thereof; and the design finally culminates in the "Life of Columbus," in four volumes, undertaken at the end of 1826, and prosecuted with his usual rapidity of execution; which, considering the correctness of his style, was excessive: Moore says that he wrote about one hundred and thirty pages of the size of those of the "Sketch-Book" in ten days, which the poet terms "amazing rapidity." For two years he made Spain his home: wandered over the greater part of its provinces; fixed his bachelor abode for one winter in the old pile of the Alhambra, from which sojourn he derived some of his most picturesque and agreeable recollections; and ultimately abandoned his intention of returning to his native country, and came back to London at the end of 1828, on receiving the appointment of Secretary of Legation to the United States in England.

Besides the "Life of Columbus," the fruits of his activity during these years were the "Conquest of Granada," the "Tales of the Alhambra," and so forth. Notwithstanding Irving's charm of style, and occasional

excellence as a narrator, it can hardly be said that this series of works have added to his fame, or achieved a permanent popularity. Their subjects, which were then fresh, have now become hackneyed—the Spain of Irving, Lockhart, and (greatest of all) of Ford, has become somewhat wearisome to us in the pages of countless imitation; and Irving's works are scarcely executed with sufficient research and depth to be of real historical value, independent of their amusing qualities. They savor too much of the bookmaker. He has been to a great extent superseded by countrymen of his own who have followed in the same track; by the more solid merits of Prescott, who has had in his turn to yield the palm to the energy of Mottley. But while falling off in substantial interest, these works were acquiring more and more of circulation and repaying their author more and more in the way of sterling retribution. It is a well-known phenomenon in the natural history of two remarkable species of men, that while the author is growing in bulk and vigor and approaching to his highest flavor, the bookseller makes prey of him: when the author is out of condition and in a declining state, he in turn feeds on the bookseller. Compare the modest earnings of Irving in his palmiest period, with the sums which he continued to extract from the publishing fraternity—until the mistake was found out—for the heavier productions of his age of exhaustion. They excited the envy of Moore to an almost unfriendly point.

"Left" (he says) "some of the printed sheets" (of *Memoirs of Lord Byron*) "with Irving, to be sent off to America, he having undertaken to make a bargain for me with the publishers there. If I but make a tenth of what he has done lately for himself in that quarter, I shall be satisfied. £3000 he received from Murray for his *Columbus*, and £2000 for his *Chronicles of Granada*; and on the same two works he has already got £3000 from the America market, with the property of the copyright there still his own. It is true that for Murray (according to his own account) they have not been so fortunate, his loss on the two publications being (as he says) near £3000; which may not be far from the truth, as the *Chronicles* have not sold at all."\*

Irving soon appears to have found his new office peculiarly incompatible with his impa-

\* *Journal*, vi. 91.



tience of restraint; and in 1832, at the age of forty-nine (the culminating epoch of man's intellect, according to Aristotle), on Van Buren's arrival here as minister, he resigned, and returned to enjoy in his native country the fame which he had earned in the old world.

It was a period of trial for American institutions. South Carolina had just passed her "nullification ordinance;" President Andrew Jackson was preparing to enforce by arms, if need were, the maintenance of the Federal system; and Irving himself soon found occasion to say, "I confess I see so many elements of sectional prejudice, hostility, and selfishness stirring and increasing in activity and acrimony in this country, that I begin to doubt strongly of the long existence of the general union." He seems to have had just then the very rare visitation of a fit of interest in political matters. "The grave debates in the Senate," he says, shortly afterwards, "occupied my mind as intensely for three weeks as ever did a dramatic representation." But this fit was too alien from his natural disposition to last. He refused to stand for New York City on the "Jackson ticket," or even to give a vote. "The more I see of political life here," he says, "the more I am disgusted with it. There is such coarseness and vulgarity and dirty tricks mingled with the rough-and-tumble contest. I want no part or parcel in such warfare." He gave himself up with increased zest to his only favorite occupations—the perpetration of long rambling journeys, and the composition of books there anent. Already in the first months of his return he had performed a tour, gigantic by comparison with his European wanderings, over the western parts of the Union, including many hundred miles of ride through the regions beyond the Mississippi; adventures subsequently turned to account in his "Tour on the Prairies," "Astoria," and the "Adventures of Captain Bonnevill."

In 1835, Washington Irving established himself at a cottage on the Hudson close to the legendary "Sleepy Hollow," and among the favorite scenes of his youth. This dwelling—an old mansion of the Van Tassel family, at first called "Wolfert's Roost," afterwards christened by the fancy name of "Sunnyside," was well known in after years as the resort of almost every distinguished

visitor from Europe to America. "Here," says one of his biographers, "he passed his summers, and his winters he spent in New York, in the streets of which Knickerbocker omnibuses rattled by Knickerbocker halls, where Knickerbocker clubs held festivals, and at whose wharves magnificent ships and steamers, coming and going every day, also bore that immortal name." His bachelor home was enlivened by the presence and attentions of nephews and nieces in abundance, and here he continued his literary labors, but scarcely with the success of former years, and, unfortunately, under the pressure of similar pecuniary wants with those which had urged him on in the more elastic period of youth. For the genius of speculation was always besetting him, and his gains, whenever he made any, were pretty sure to be "locked up in unproductive land purchases," or some other equally unprofitable investment. "I cannot afford any more to travel," he writes in 1863; and about the same period the old despondency regarding literary success, thinking "the vein had entirely deserted him," was apt to beset his solitary hours. In one respect, however, he was fortunate. Very few literary men as sensitive as himself, have had so little to endure from hostile criticism, or from personal or party spite. His own inoffensive and genial nature, as well as his established reputation, seem to have secured him this unusual exemption in his own country as well as in England. We hardly trace in the pages of his American life any record of this kind of annoyance, except some very insignificant attacks on the ground of too great fondness for England, and one furious onslaught from a jealous North Carolinian for "having observed, incidentally, that the Virginians retain peculiarities characteristic of the times of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh,"—historical associations of which he deemed that his own State had the monopoly.

In 1842, Daniel Webster, under the presidency of Tyler, obtained for Washington Irving a nomination as American Minister to Spain: an unexpected but not ungrateful honor, as, like other men, he seems to have found the fascinations of that country, when once he had become familiar with it, irresistible. He remained there three years, during which he witnessed many a strange revolution in the politics of the Peninsula, includ-



ing the downfall of Espartero and the triumph of Maria Christina over the Constitutional party, the rise and the fall of Narvaez; of all which very graphic accounts are given in his correspondence contained in these volumes. The "consumption of ministers in this country," he says, "is appalling. To carry on a negotiation with such transient functionaries is like bargaining at the windows of a railway car: before you can get a reply to a proposition, the other party is out of sight." But it was scarcely a happy period of his life. He missed alike the domestic enjoyments of Sunnyside, and the sparkling society and agreeable flatteries of London and Paris. Spanish politics suited him no better than American:—

"I am wearied," he writes, "and at times heart-sick of the wretched politics of this country, where there is so much intrigue, falsehood, profligacy, and crime, and so little of high honor and pure patriotism in political affairs. The last ten or twelve years of my life have shown me so much of the dark side of human nature, that I began to have painful doubts of my fellow-men and look back with regret to the confiding period of my literary career, when, poor as a rat, but rich in dreams, I beheld the world through the medium of my imagination, and was apt to believe men as good as I wished them to be."

But these melancholy fits were counteracted by a full appreciation of what no man estimated better than himself—the rich substitute which Memory affords in advanced life for decayed Imagination:—

"I am now," he says, at sixty-two, "at that time of life when the mind has a stock of recollections on which to employ itself: and though these may sometimes be of a melancholy nature, yet it is a 'sweet-souled melancholy,' mellowed and softened by the operation of time, and has no bitterness in it. My life has been a checkered one, crowded with incidents and personages, and full of shifting scenes and sudden transitions. All these I can summon up and cause to pass before me, and in this way can pass hours together in a kind of reverie. When I was young my imagination was always in the advance, picturing out the future, and building castles in the air: now memory comes in the place of imagination, and I look back over the region I have travelled. Thank God! the same plastic feeling which used to deck all the future with the hues of fairy-land,

throws a soft coloring on the past, until the very roughest places, through which I struggled with many a heart-ache, lose all their asperity in the distance. . . . Here my sixty-second birthday finds me in fine health, in the full enjoyment of all my faculties, with my sensibilities still fresh, and in such buxom activity that, on my return yesterday from the Prado, I caught myself bounding up-stairs three steps at a time, to the astonishment of the porter, and checked myself, recollecting that it was not the pace befitting a minister and a man of my years. If I could only retain such health and good spirits, I should be content to live on to the age of Methuselah."—Vol. iii., p. 307-8.

In consequence (we fancy) of the accession of President Polk and the Democratic party to power, he gave up his appointment in 1846, and Romulus M. Sanders, of North Carolina, reigned in his stead. In August that year he paid his last fleeting visit to England, and in September "bade adieu forever to European scenes."

With his return to his native country from Spain the present volumes end. The adventurous portion of his life had ceased. His later years were chiefly spent in executing the task of collecting and republishing his various works, and in the production of his "Life of Washington," which has no doubt its merits, but is not one of those compositions by which he will be ultimately remembered. He enjoyed to a very advanced age his quiet domestic happiness at Sunnyside, dying in 1859. His countrymen honored him in life, and are justly proud of the more cosmopolitan honors which he achieved in the general world of literature. We do not quarrel with Mr. Rufus William Griswold, author of "The Prose Writers of America," when he reminds us that "Irving's subjects are as three American and two Spanish to one English; the periods of his residence in America, Spain, and England, in the years of his literary activity, bear to each other about the same proportion; and the productions which have won for him the most reputation, even in Europe, are not only such as had no models in the literature of the Old World, but such as could only have been written by one intimately acquainted with the peculiar life and manners by which they were suggested;" nor even for informing us that "his style has the ease and purity and more than the grace and polish of Franklin; without the

intensity of Brown, the compactness of Calhoun, or the strength and splendor of Webster." But, leaving these special causes of admiration to his countrymen, and withdrawing, for our part, any claim to appropriate him on the ground of his intense fondness for the domestic life, the society, the traditions, the classical writers of our little England, we

will assert for him rather a modest place in that great Parthenon of literary renown which will one day arise when the political distinctions which now divide the great British race are forgotten, or become of secondary import, in comparison with that pervading unity of language, usages, and associations which fuses it all in one.

#### GORTSCHAKOFF TO GREAT BRITAIN.

WE have pleasure in observing that Lord Russell owns the fact

That a barren controversy it is idle to protract ;  
From unnecessary argument we're glad that he abstains.

And a practical solution of the question that remains

With us wishes to arrive at—much we thank him for his pains.

Every party to a treaty—let us grant what's very true—

Has a right that same to construe from that party's point of view ;

That's to say, provided always its construction's so far fair

As to rest within the limits of the sense the text will bear.

Bootless is that right exerted ; act upon't, for aught we care.

Of a government the basis, if the governors are wise,

In the confidence not only of the governed, mind you, lies ;

But as much, and, I may rather say, in fact, a great deal more,

In respect for its authority, which force must first restore :

Then pacific moral virtues we may try, but not before.

Those demands which you invite us so politely to concede,

But express our august master's gracious will ; they do, indeed.

They're ukases long ago decreed in his imperial brain :

That is where they are at present ; that is where they must remain.

Ere we can say more about them order must in Warsaw reign.

You for Poland ask a charter, framed with points in number six,

Much his majesty thinks of them, but that they'll result in "nix,"

Wont restore the reign of order, wont appease unquiet souls,

Wont keep down a population, whom, save terror, naught controls,

For they don't express the wishes of the sanguinary Poles.

Whilst our emperor's intentions must in contemplation rest,  
An armistice is, of all things, an impossible request,—

'Twould amount to a concession which we really couldn't stand ;

Bayonet we cannot lay by, hold artillery and brand,

Drop the scourge, take down the gallows, stay the hangman's busy hand.

We can let no European Congress those six points discuss

With irrelevant palaver, most impertinent to us, Dignity forbids us, too, with France and England to debate

On administrative details, special to the Russian State,

Ordered all by an omniscient autocratic potentate.

But two other States there are with us indissolubly bound,

In a solidarity so strict we share one common ground,

Since we three divide that kingdom which we three combined to seize ;

Them we shall be very happy to accept as referees :

We'll arrangements make with Austria and with Prussia, if you please.

But, until the Polish rebels to submission shall return

We shall shoot them, hang them, flog their women, waste, destroy and burn.

So excuse us if we don't accept your liberal invitation ;

To do nothing of the kind it is our fixed determination :

You may all accept the assurance of our high consideration.

*Punch, 1 Aug.*

THE lava-stream from Etna has now reached the well-known Casino degli Inglesi, which it entirely destroyed, together with the materials for repairing it, lately conveyed thither.

"LES Amours de Mr. Gilfil, par George Eliot, traduit de l'Anglais par E. Pasquet," is among the recent announcements of Lacroix in Brussels.

From The Spectator, 8 Aug.

### THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE NORTH.

THE public mind is swinging round once more a little too fast. The Confederate loan, which just before Gettysburg was quoted at a fractional premium, has this week been sold as low as thirty-five discount, and the tremendous fall is a true index of the decline of confidence among the friends of the South. Observers, as usual, are watching events instead of studying the forces which produce them, and give to the capture of Vicksburg the importance which, with much less reason, they assigned to the rout of Bull Run. There seems to us, we confess, a dangerous exaggeration in this view. The special strength of American democracy—the lax organization which makes it, like other fluids, hardly compressible, has, indeed, preserved the North from a most serious danger. Imagine the result of a French encampment for three days in Kent, and contrast it with the result of Lee's weeks of unresisted invasion. The perseverance of the North, the dully grand persistence which is the attribute only of men who are at once Anglo-Saxon and free, has, it is true, at last asserted its superiority over the aristocratic coherence which is the strength of the South. While the latter is reeling with fatigue, feeling day by day the loss of the nervous force which has supplied the comparative deficiency of muscles, its rival is but gathering strength—only beginning to feel that heat of the blood which enables quiet men to display their full activity. The South is bleeding at every pore, while the North is only sweating; and if the contest continues under its present conditions, victory more or less complete is only a question of time. For the thousandth time in history observers will be compelled to acknowledge that when the contest is one between climates victory never remains with the children of the sun. But the time is not yet, and as yet there is no proof that the conditions of the contest will always remain the same. The triumph of the North is the more reasonable probability, but it is not as yet the fact.

What has been gained, as it seems to us,—who are friends of the North not for the cause they are striving to secure, but for the cause which is bound up in theirs,—is simply this. Amidst almost incessant defeat, and in spite of every adverse circumstance, of unlucky generals and incompetent statesmen, of the grossest treachery within and the most strenuous ability without, the incoherent but free society of the North has advanced thus far; it can dictate the permanent boundary between free and slave institutions, it can, as it were, chain up the South within limits in which its social system must rot. It can re-

fuse with disdain to accept the oligarchy as its masters, decline without fear to take them back as equals, and impose a boundary on their action which will render the triumph of freedom ultimately secure. There can be no reasonable doubt that the North, if it pleases, may now secure the boundaries of the Potomac and Mississippi. The retreat of Lee renders another attempt at the offensive a most dangerous undertaking. The loss of Vicksburg and Port Hudson brings the line of blockade close to the very heart of the Confederacy, and releases 130,000 men, who, undoubtedly, if the Washington Cabinet please, can clear the western bank. They may do even more than that. If the President's proclamation is carried out steadily to its logical conclusion, i.e., the freedom of every black man, they may re-organize society from the Mississippi to the Rio Grande. They may so fill the country with free settlers, so ally themselves with the classes who dislike slavery as a competing form of labor—like the Germans of Texas—so completely beat down the power of the very small caste which is really devoted to the "institution," that they may turn the vast regions between the great river and the Pacific into sources of strength. We are not certain, the infinite contingencies of war being considered, that this would not be their wiser course. The North would possess a vast and coherent dominion large enough for all ambitions, and growing every day in the strength and the riches derived from immigration and toil. The South, always dangerous as a subjugated enemy, would as an independent State within those bounds be at worst but a weak foe, with its dreams all over, its leaders discredited, its society slowly disintegrating under the influence of the freedom hemming it all around. No fugitive slave law would be conceded in the treaty, and the North, without a Slave State within its limits, would soon learn to feel that pride in protecting a fugitive slave which it already feels in defending a fugitive Hungarian,—a pride of national strength wholly apart from philanthropy. Slavery might then be inserted, like hereditary titles or offices, among the institutions prohibited even to the individual States, and the extension of that great evil would be once for all forbidden. A powerful North, ruled by a completely free society, a weak South tending always towards freedom, slavery placed in bonds tightening with every succeeding year, free society enabled to extend itself south and west—this will seem to Englishmen, at least, no inglorious conclusion even to so vast a contest, and this may, we believe, be enforced. The South, it is true, asserts that rather than submit to such terms it will perish in the field; but it has little

option. If the North can once be persuaded to make up its mind to a defensive war, the South will but beat itself to death against the bars. The hope of foreign assistance will be at once at an end, for Europe will not interfere to defeat terms at once so liberal and so satisfactory. The fierce enthusiasm which has filled her armies will decline, for peace has its blessings even for slaveholders, and men with their independence secured will not fight on forever for a mere dream of empire. Guerilla bands, however powerful as a means of defence, are utterly useless as weapons for the invasion of a civilized State, and the North has only to wait patiently to compel the South into submission to terms like these. Thus much, we believe, the North could, without another battle, secure—an immense, indeed almost an incredible, advance on her position six months ago.

Beyond this, however, she is not, despite the recent successes, as yet in a position to go, and if, impatient of any terms except unconditional surrender, she clings to the project of effecting a complete and visible subjugation, she will once again be exposed to all the chances of war. Her position is, it is true, favorable on many points for the prosecution of the campaign. Mr. Lincoln need no longer divert one half his strength in order to secure the Mississippi, and with it the cordial adherence of the populous States of the West. Grant can now commence with a fair prospect an invasion of Alabama, and of the great section of the Confederacy hitherto exempt from most of the evils of war. Mobile can now be attacked with a reasonable chance of success, and the Charleston expedition will, in all probability succeed. At least, the Federal troops, unless disheartened by some overwhelming disaster at the commencement of their attack, have hitherto always succeeded. Rosecranz has a fair chance of driving General Bragg from Chattanooga, and with the Confederacy split in twain, Alabama entered by a successful army of a hundred thousand men, South Carolina paralyzed, North Carolina discontented, and the key of the last great delta safe in Northern hands, the war must perforce decline into an insurrection. Still, these are only the results which *may* in time occur, and when they have occurred an insurrection is still the second most dangerous evil that a republic can have to face. It is evident that Mr. Davis and the coherent body of slaveholders who are the support and the agents of his rule, have resolved on a last desperate effort. Relying, as he has always relied, on the fact that the poor population of the South is not also that which labors, the Southern President has ventured on the extreme step of calling out the levy *en masse*. The slaves are

to be watched by the old, trades left to perform themselves, and the whole manhood of the country flung at once into the field. The order may not be obeyed, but if Mr. Davis can plead that the only alternative is submission the probability is that it will. There is no government on the earth so strong as an oligarchy backed by a mob, and that is the position of the Government of the South. The appeal, too, is made to men now thoroughly excited by the war, contemptuous of labor, and disinclined to strife only from a reluctance to accept the restraints of discipline. There is a powerful army to enforce the draft, unscrupulous leaders to direct its efforts, and the form of patriotism so carefully cultivated in the South, to give a sanction to *any* act which may seem expedient for the defence of "State rights." The draft, which English newspapers do not censure, though loud in their denunciation of the far lighter draft of the North, may be resisted in isolated districts, in places where Union feeling survives, in mountainous regions where resistance or evasion are comparatively easy; but the net will catch, we fear, the mass of the white population, and every man in the South will be, as Calhoun hoped, either a slaveholder or a soldier. At the same time the States are urged to increase President Davis's powers, to enable him to appoint and dismiss, to control all trade, to use all wealth, to make him, in fact, dictator throughout the South. Many of these powers will be refused, but many more will be taken, and it is a despot governing an armed nation that the North will have to meet. That they will defeat him is probable; but to be forced once more to crush armies as strong as those which the South arrayed in January of this year, and this after two years of bloodshed, expenditure, and exertion, is a frightful obligation. Moreover, the North, supreme in the west, and dangerous on the coast, is at one point still only on an equality, that point being the one which, in *prestige*, outweighs all. The story that General Lee is already threatening Maryland is, we think, visibly fabulous; but General Lee may be reinforced, may turn, and may once more remind the North that its best victories in the East have been gained upon its own ground. A defeat in Virginia would undo half the work of the year, bring every Southerner into the ranks, and enable every Democrat once more to clamor for peace. That the North amidst new defeats would still in the end prevail is, we think, the lesson taught by the history of the two years. But it is a matter of doubt whether the difference between the South held like a Poland, and a dependent South limited by the Mississippi, with its evil "institution" decaying, its dream of empire ended, its political weight



only so far perceptible as to act as a check on vain bragging, is worth the risks involved in a conscription, an expenditure of a hundred millions a year, and at least two desperate campaigns. The North went to war avowedly to forbid the extension of slavery, the single end for which Mr. Lincoln was elected, and the stern perseverance which has underlain its changes of surface opinion and its ridiculous brag has placed it in a position to secure that well defined end. It may be doubtful, even amidst the present torrent of good fortune, whether it is worth while to risk the success which is certain for the sake of a future which if not doubtful is at best extremely distant.

From The Spectator, 8 Aug.

#### "T. C." AND THE SLAVES.

"Plot, murder, and conflagration," writes the *Richmond Enquirer*, "have begun in New York. It is a world's wonder that this good work did not commence long ago; and this excellent outbreak may be the opening scene of the inevitable revolution which . . . is to leave the Northern half of the old American Union a desert of blood-soaked ashes. We bid it good speed!" An outbreak of singular brutality, though suppressed in three days, and "carried on principally by thieves" while it lasted, has been enough to call forth from Southern chivalry and refinement those philanthropic hopes and aspirations.

When her armies are being beaten back, and every mail tells of another fortress fallen, the South is ready to mistake a fire in her neighbor's chimney for a universal conflagration. The *Richmond Enquirer* exults over the New York riots in the strain of a Red Indian who anticipates the pleasure of wearing a fresh girdle of scalps. Our own *Times* receives the news of "this good work" in a spirit of more temperate but scarcely less decided complacency, and draws from it, in more civilized terms, the same conclusions; adding to these, however, another favorite conclusion, which is peculiar to the advocates of Southern independence on this side of the Atlantic. The *Richmond* press does not venture to tell us that, because the acts of the Northern Government have excited a riot against that class which those acts have been supposed to befriend, the North is, therefore, a friend of slavery. It is a waste of time and patience to argue with men whose reasonings and assertions are daily refuted and disavowed by those most closely concerned in the issue of the great conflict, and who are likely to be well informed regarding its motives. Why have the Government and the free negroes, and the respectable citizens of New York been

simultaneously attacked, if not from the sense that their interests are likely to become identified? The prejudice that everywhere exists between one inferior grade of society and another derives intensity in America from the jealousies of race and competition. The mean whites in the South are warm supporters of slavery because they feel that slavery is the only barrier between themselves and the negroes; the mob Irish in the North dread the increase and elevation of a class likely to compete successfully with them in the lower forms of labor.

The *Times*, no longer able to discredit the capture of Vicksburg, or to claim for Lee the honor of a strategic victory at Gettysburg, again seeks aid of its oracle, and resummons Mr. Spence to make more false prophecies; but the organs of Confederate opinion have publicly taken from that gentleman his hardly earned diploma as their representative. Mr. Spence's opinions must henceforth be regarded as those of a private individual about which the mass of Englishmen need trouble themselves very little. The cause of the South has found a more formidable as well as a more consistent champion in the person of a writer whose greatness gives consequence even to his random words. "T. C.'s" dealings with the "Nigger Question" have not been fortunate. Some years have passed since he favored us with a pamphlet under that title, in which the most defective side of his philosophy came uppermost, asserting, under cover of questionable facts and theories, the inherent right of the white man to force from the black man an amount of work satisfactory to the white man's mind. He now professes to give in a nutshell the gist of the war which has for three years been rending the Western continent, and, according to his account, the gist of the whole matter is slavery. Peter of the North, who hires his servants by the week or the day, wishes forcibly to prevent Paul of the South from hiring them for life, which "T. C." evidently thinks the preferable method. It seems to us, too, as it seems to the leaders of the Southern Confederacy, that, making allowance for a verbal fallacy which lurks in the form of statement, this is the gist of the question; that whatever may be the various motives inspiring the Northern armies the tendency of their victories is to incline the balance towards the one, the tendency of their defeats to incline the balance towards the other, of two opposed civilizations. But we differ from "T. C." and the South in preferring freedom to slavery, in preferring a society which is in the main "for freedom of discussion;" to a society which "represses freedom of discussion with the tar-brush and the pine faggot." We prefer the clamor of a badly organized democracy to



the silence of a well-organized despotism, arguments in bad grammar to the argument of bowie-knives and loaded canes, a "national palayer" to bonfires of human beings; the things that the South hate to the things that the South love.

When "T. C." published his nigger pamphlet, the question of slavery seemed far from us, the West Indian struggle was fast becoming a tradition of an earlier generation; denunciations which had to travel 3,000 miles to find an object were naturally regarded as outlets for a cheap and somewhat tiresome philanthropy; everybody condemned that which nobody felt to be personally profitable. We prided ourselves on being a superabundantly anti-slavery nation; but our convictions passed, like old coins, without scrutiny. The crisis of the last three years has made it necessary to rub the rust off their surfaces. Even in politics those who can give no reason for their faith cannot carry it safely through a storm. Were it possible to accept "T. C.'s" last "authentic utterance" as altogether serious, we should be driven to conclude that there were some amongst us who had never very clearly realized the nature of the institution of which they are the modified apologists. It may be questioned whether hiring for life is in many cases to be recommended, whether the possibility of changing their relations is not generally desirable as a check and incentive to master and servant. But slavery is not hiring for life,—the first objection to it being that while the laborer is worthy of his hire the slave has no hire. In all cases of free service there is a compact voluntarily entered into on both sides, work to be performed and wages to be received. Now in slavery there is no voluntary compact, nor any wages to be received; the slave is merely kept in existence to perform the work, the amount and nature of which are defined solely by the master's will and the slave's physical powers. Waiving for the present all ideas of morality irrespective of results, all theories of inalienable rights, we are content to rest our condemnation of slavery on the ground that those two methods have been tried and the superiority of the former established by history. Slavery, only tolerable as a transition from barbarism, played out its true part in that old age which was the youth of the world; like other blots of civilization it has been compelled either to pass away by degrees or to assume at every stage a more repulsive form. American slavery is worse than classic slavery in almost the same measure as the slavery of Greece and Rome was worse than the mild and guarded form of slavery which existed among the Jews; and for this among other reasons, that an evil which is out of date is doubly an evil.

The excuse of ancient is no excuse for modern times, when other forms of labor more noble and more lastingly productive have been discovered, and Christianity has taught that *φύσει δοῦλος* the Greek does not exist in the human family, that every man has been born to know and to think as well as to toil, that being as well as doing is a part of his destiny, and that no race has been brought upon the earth solely to minister to the luxury or to increase the wealth of another race. These are the fundamental facts which the Southern planters and "T. C." in his sullen moods seem to ignore, and which convert their speculations into anachronisms as glaring as the institution which they practically or theoretically uphold. In an age of the world which implicitly believed in slavery, Aristotle had the honor of being the first to rest its defence on what seemed to him philosophic grounds; let us hope that no Englishman will be its last defender in an age which believes in freedom.

From The Economist, 8 Aug.

#### THE FEDERAL PUBLIC DEBT AND THE COST OF THE WAR.

THE following is a statement of the public debt of the Federal Government as it stood on 1st July last (charged at 4s. the dollar):—

##### INTEREST-BEARING DEBT.

4 per cent temp. loan—coin,	£1,007,207	
4 per cent temp. loan—coin,	4,604,652	
		<b>£5,611,859</b>
5 per cent temp. loan—coin,	14,161,637	
5 per cent temp. loan—coin,	1,290	
5 per cent bonds, due 1865,	692,200	
5 per cent bonds, due 1871,	1,404,400	
5 per cent bonds, due 1874,	4,000,000	
		<b>20,259,527</b>
6 per cent bonds, due 1868,	3,664,718	
6 per cent bonds, due 1881,	13,909,560	
6 per cent bonds, due 1882,	37,136,828	
6 per cent Treasury note,	143,420	
6 per cent certificates of indebtedness, . . . . .	31,418,648	
		<b>6,273,174</b>
7.30 per cent bonds, due Aug. 19, 1864, . . . . .	10,582,200	
7.30 per cent bonds, due Oct. 1, 1864, . . . . .	17,397,900	
		<b>27,984,100</b>

##### DEBT NOT BEARING INTEREST.

Treasury notes past due, . . . . .	£7,820	
U. S. notes, . . . . .	£77,529,317	
Less am't in Trs'y, 2,231,417		
	<b>75,297,900</b>	
Fractional currency,	4,038,491	
		<b>£79,344,211</b>

Total debt July 1, 1863, as exhibited by the books of the Treasury department, . . . . .	219,454,873
Total debt July 1, 1863, as estimated by the Sec'y in report of Dec. 1862, . . . . .	224,459,480

Actual debt less than the estimated debt, 5,004,607

#### RECAPITULATION.

Aggregate debt at 4 per cent. interest, . . . . .	£5,611,859
Aggregate debt at 5 per cent. interest, . . . . .	20,259,527
Aggregate debt at 6 per cent. interest, . . . . .	86,255,174
Aggregate debt at 7.30 per cent. int., . . . . .	27,984,100
Aggregate debt without interest, . . . . .	75,384,211

Total debt July 1, 1863, as exhibited by the books of the Treasury department, . . . . . 219,454,873

Total debt as estimated by the Secretary in report of Dec., 1862 . . . . . 224,459,480

Actual debt less than the estimated debt 5,004,601

Several facts of great interest appear in this table.

First. As the amount of the Federal debt on the 4th March, 1861, the date of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, was only 74,985,299 dollars, or less than fifteen millions sterling at the same rate of exchange as that used in the table, it may be broadly stated that the increase of debt caused by the civil war is more than £200,000,000, independently of any minor amounts which may have been raised by taxation.

Secondly. Mr. Chase has been able to borrow about £125,000,000 from sources other than the currency, which is much more than most persons in Europe believed he would be able to borrow.

Thirdly. Mr. Chase has issued £70,344,000 of paper currency, which, considering the paper circulation of the Union at the same rate of exchange was little more than £40,000,000, is one of the most surprising facts ever added to our economical experience.

From The London Review.

#### APPARENT SIZE OF THE CELESTIAL BODIES.

THE new experiments of Mr. Alvan Clark, on the photometrical comparison of the sun and stars, are very curious and interesting. If we place a convex lens of the known focal distance of one foot between the eye and a star of the first magnitude, and find, when the lens is removed to a distance of eleven feet, that the star is reduced in appearance

to a sixth magnitude, or just visible, it is clear that as the star has undergone a reduction of ten diameters, it would be visible to the natural vision if removed in space to ten times its present distance, supposing no absorbing or extinguishing medium to exist there. A concave lens can be used for such experiments, the measurement commencing then at the lens itself. Reductions have been obtained in these ways of well-known stars, and give Castor as visible when reduced 10.3 times, Pollux eleven times, Procyon twelve, Sirius twenty times, the full moon three thousand, and the sun one million two hundred thousand times. Mr. Alvan Clark has actually seen the sun under such a reduction, attended by circumstances which lead him to believe that to be about the limit at which the human eye could ever perceive our great luminary. He has an underground dark chamber, two hundred and thirty feet in length, communicating at one end with the surface of the ground by an opening five feet deep, in which a lens of any required focal distance can be inserted,—one of a twentieth of an inch focus, with its flat side cemented to one face of a prism, has been employed by Mr. Clark. No light whatever can enter the chamber, except through the little lens. A common silvered mirror over the opening receives the direct rays of the sun, and sends them down the opening into the prism, by which they are directed through the little lens into the chamber. An observer at the opposite end of the cellar sees the sun reduced in apparent size 55,200 times, and its light, then, in amount, varies but little from that of Sirius. Upon a car moveable in either direction is mounted another lens, with a focal distance of six inches. The eye of the observer being brought in a line with the lenses, he sends the car by a cord into the chamber to the greatest distance that he can see the light through the six-inch lens.

At noon, with a perfectly clear sky, the sun is thus visible at twelve feet away from the eye. The distance between the two lenses being two hundred and eighteen feet, the reduction by the small lens, if viewed from the point occupied by the car-lens, would be 52,320 times, and that again is reduced by the six-inch lens twenty-three times, making the total reduction 1,203,360 times. There seems then no reason to doubt—setting aside the idea of an extinguishing medium in space

—that our sun would be only just visible to a human eye at 120,000 times the present distance; or at 100,000 times away it would rank only as a pretty bright star of the first magnitude, although its parallax would be double that imputed to any star in the whole heavens, or only half as far away as the nearest. Because the sun's intrinsic splendor proves to be less than that of those stars whose distances have been measured, Mr. Clarke does not think it necessarily follows that its light or size is less than the average of existing stars; for, in the case of there being a diversity in size or brilliancy amongst the stars in space—as is most likely—those that would be visible would, of course, be the largest and brightest, while, by the laws of perspective, the smaller ones would be lost to view. Such would be the case equally with telescopic stars as well as those evident to the naked eye. The number of stars visible within a given area of space, by the aid of the more powerful telescopes, is far less in proportion to the power of the instruments than those visible in like areas to the unassisted eye or with smaller telescopes; and this fact has given rise to the idea of an extinguishing medium to light in space; but upon the above hypothesis, the result might equally arise from the diminution in perspective, as in this way we should see the whole, both great and small, of the stars in the nearer distances with moderate powers; while, though great and small did exist in the far off regions bounding the remotest reach of our most powerful telescopes, it would be only the great stars that we could see, and those only as the most minute specks of light. A vast number of smaller or more moderate lights may then exist amongst those whose extraordinary splendor reaches us through the aid of our best instruments. Were all the stars in existence of one pattern and one uniform brightness, and scattered broadcast in space, our great telescopes would count up more nearly the numbers belonging theoretically to their magnifying powers than they now do, as will be readily understood by considering the ratio in which an increase of radius increases the cubic contents of a sphere. If the distances imputed to several of our stars from parallax be true, these photometrical researches show our glorious luminary to be a very small star indeed; “and to the human

understanding thus enlightened, more than ever must the heavens declare the glory of God.”

From The London Review.

#### HABITS OF THE MOLE.

“RECREATIVE SCIENCE” for this month contains a short but entertaining account of the captivity and death of a mole. Professor Owen, at the British Association the year before last, showed, in an admirable paper on the anatomy of that animal, how much was yet to be learnt of the structures of our indigenous animals, and these “Notes on the Mole,” by the Rev. J. G. Wood, in Messrs. Groombridge's entertaining magazine, show how well worthy, too, of accurate study by the naturalist our native animals are. Some young friends captured a mole, and brought it to that naturalist, secured in a large box. It ran about with great agility, thrusting its long and flexible snout into every crevice. A little earth was placed in the box, when the mole pushed its way through the loose soil, entering and re-entering the heap, and in a few moments scattering the earth tolerably evenly over the box, every now and then twitching with a quick, convulsive shaking the loose earth from its fur. At one moment the mole was grubbing away, hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding soil, completely covered with dust; the next instant the moving dust-heap had vanished, and in its place was a soft, velvety coat. The creature was unremitting in its attempts to get through the box, but the wood was too tough for it to make any impression, and after satisfying itself it could not get through a deal board, it took to attempts to scramble over the sides, ever slipping sideways, and coming on its forefeet. The rapid mobility of its snout was astonishing, but its senses of sight and smell seem to be practically obsolete, for a worm placed in its track within the tenth of an inch of its nose was not detected, although no sooner did its nose or foot touch one, than in a moment it flung itself upon its prey and shook the worm backwards and forwards and scratched it about until it got one end or other into its mouth, when it devoured it greedily, the crunching sound of its teeth behind audible two yards away. Worms it ate as fast as supplied—devouring fourteen in

thirteen minutes, after which it was supplied with a second batch of ten. It was then tried with millipedes, but invariably rejected them.

Having heard from popular report that a twelve hours' fast would kill a mole, Mr. Wood determined to give his captive a good supper at eight and an early breakfast the next morning at five or six. So he dug perseveringly a large handful of worms and put them in the box. As the mole went backwards and forwards it happened to touch one of the worms and immediately flew at it, and while trying to get it into his mouth the mole came upon the mass of worms and flung itself upon them in a paroxysm of excitement, pulling them about, too overjoyed with the treasure to settle on any individual in particular. At last, it caught one of them and began crunching, the rest making their escape in all directions and burrowing into the loose mould. Thinking the animal had now a good supply, two dozen worms having been put into the box, Mr. Wood shut it up

with an easy conscience; but it happened, the following morning, that the rain fell in a perfect torrent, and, hoping for some remission, he waited until nine o'clock before he opened the box. Twelve hours had just elapsed since the mole had received its supply, and as it had taken probably another hour in hunting about the box before it had devoured them all, not more than eleven hours had probably elapsed since the last worm was consumed. But the mole was dead. "I forgot," Mr. Wood says, "to weigh the worms which he devoured, but as they would have filled my two hands held cup-wise, I may infer that they weighed very little less than the animal who ate them." The extreme voracity and restless movements of the little creature here recorded, show its value to the agriculturist "as a subsoil drainer who works without wages," and its great usefulness in keeping the prolific race of worms—themselves useful in their way as forming in the main, the fertile soil itself.

GREAT excitement prevails in Rome on account of an extempore visit paid by the Pope to Dr. Liszt, the composer. The latter, it seems, left town in the middle of last month, and went to reside at the now deserted Dominican Convent, near the church of the Madonna del Rosario, on the Monte Mario, from which there is a magnificent view of Rome below. He there lived hermit-like, entirely devoted to his art. Some prelates informed the Pope of his residence and mode of life; and on Sunday the 18th of July, he went, only accompanied by Mgr. de Merode, a Camerario segreto, and some Guardi nobili, to the Madonna del Rosario, where he first said his prayers, and then suddenly appeared before the modern anchorite. Franz Liszt played him two sacred compositions, one on the harmonium, the other on the piano. When he had finished, his Holiness expressed his thanks in the most amiable manner, and concluded with the words, "It is a noble gift which has been bestowed upon you, to reproduce the songs of higher spheres—the finest harmonies, it is true, we shall only hear on high."

THE National Museum at Naples has, within the last few days, been considerably enriched by new objects found in Pompeii, which are now, according to the recent regulations, publicly exhibited in the Greek and Roman Fresco-Rooms, before being placed among their respective col-

lections. There are especially to be mentioned a head of Juno, in silver, of exquisite workmanship—the body, likewise of silver, being broken; a lantern of bronze, with its coverings, suspension-chains and extinguisher; a patera, a beautiful large vase with handles, ending in a winged genius with a cornucopia; several other small bronze vases, and bronze seal, bearing the name of the proprietor of the house where these objects were found. But the most magnificent of all these remnants is a grand crater in bronze—used for mixing wine and water, and handed round to the guests—with handles ending in a Medusa head, with silver eyes, and resting upon a movable foot, formed by three lions' paws.

THE following is the programme for the International Statistical Congress to be held at Berlin from the 6th to the 12th of September: Section I. Questions of organization. Section II. Statistics of Landed Property. Section III. Statistics of Emoluments, Prices, and the Transport of Goods on Railways. Section IV. Comparative Statistics of Health and Mortality in the Civil and Military Classes. Section V. The Task of Statistics in the System of Social Self-Help; Statistics of Insurances. Section VI. On the Uniformity of Coins, Weights and Measures, as the most important aid for comparative International Statistics. All communications are to be addressed beforehand to the Director of the Royal Statistical Bureau Engel, at Berlin.